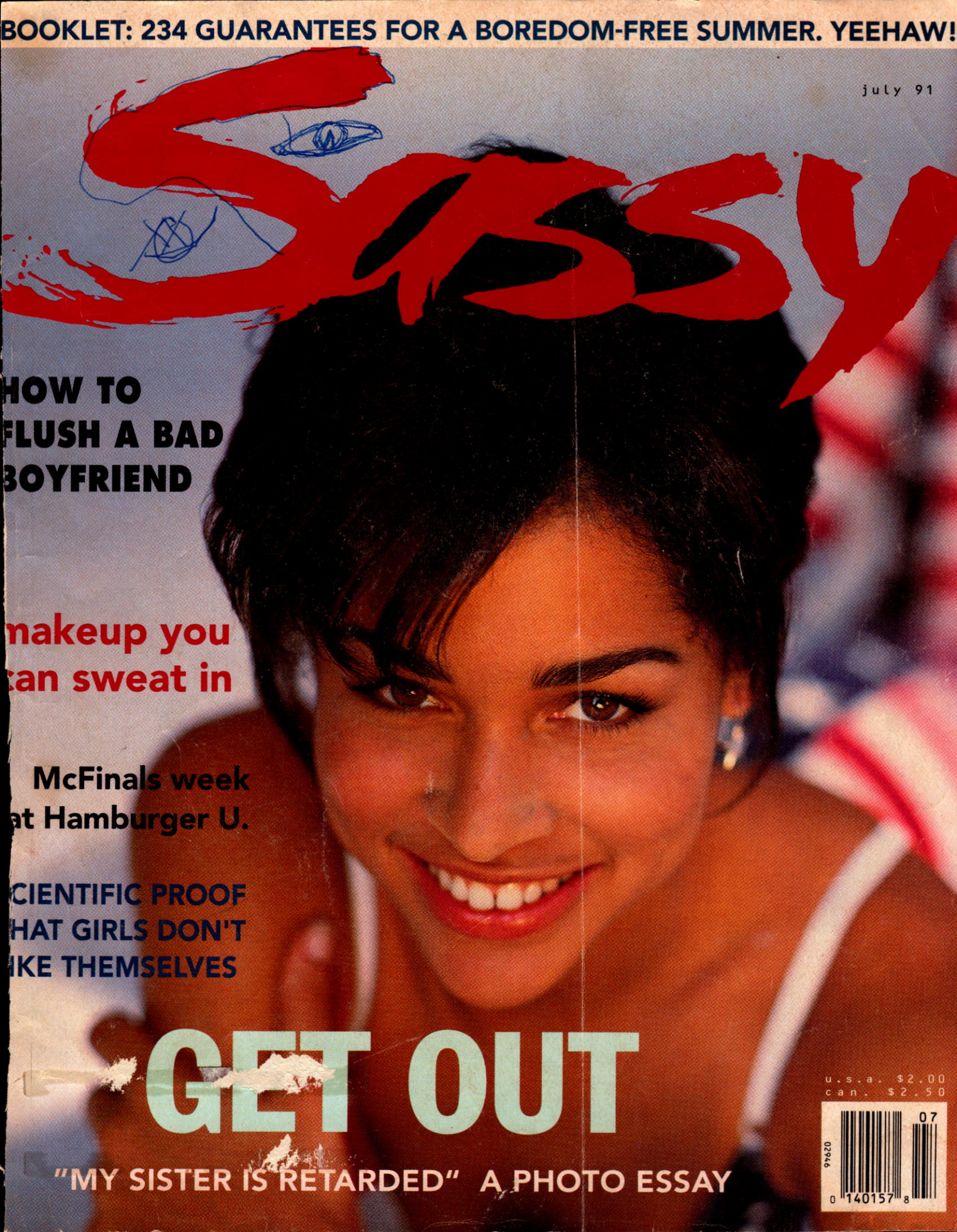
BOOKLET: 234 GUARANTEES FOR A BOREDOM-FREE SUMMER. YEEHAW!

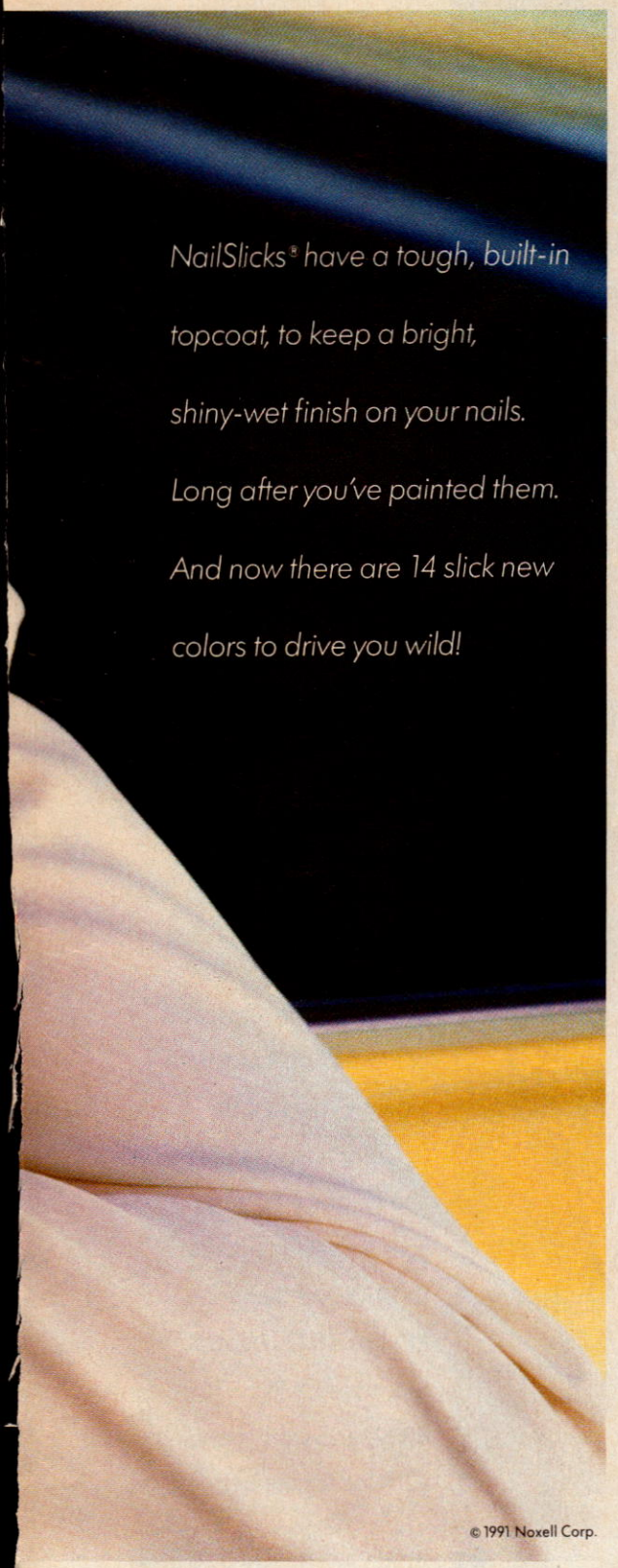


ALL SHINY AND NEW: 14 fresh slicks

COVER GIRL CAROL ALT is wearing new Firehouse Red, a neutral shade from the COLORMATCH® System.

R E D E F I N I N G

# of color that look wet. Even when they're dry.™



NailSlicks® have a tough, built-in topcoat, to keep a bright, shiny-wet finish on your nails. Long after you've painted them. And now there are 14 slick new colors to drive you wild!

FROM THE TOP:
CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE
APRICOT VELVET
PEACH PLUM
ICED CAPPUCCINO
SNOW VIOLET
ATOMIC ROSE
STARDUST PEACH
T-BIRD RED
SANTA FE ROSE
ADOBE ROSE
IN THE BUFF
TAWNY PEACH
SO BEIGE
FIREHOUSE RED

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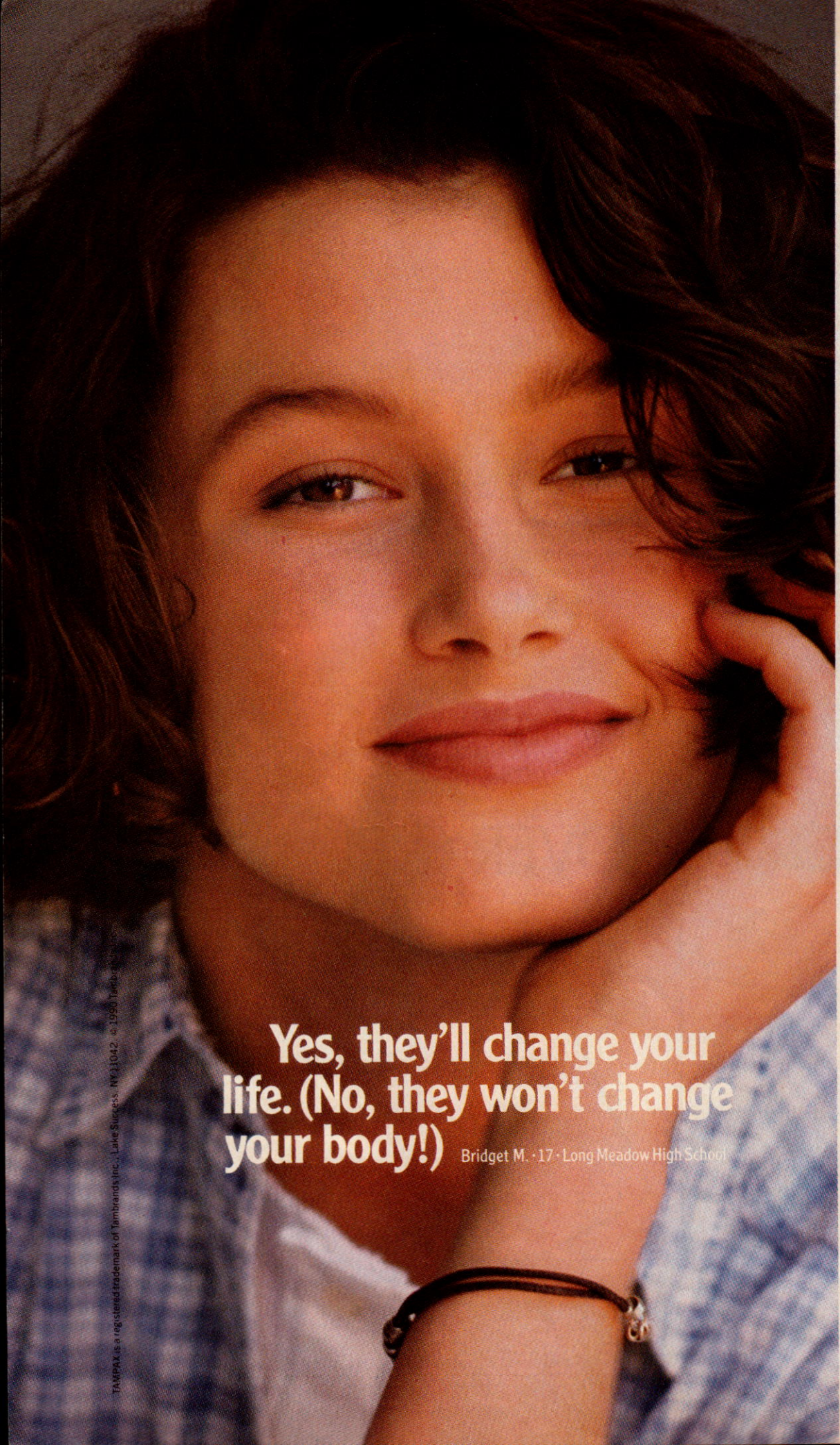
B E A U T I F U L™



Yes, they'll change your life. (No, they won't change your body!)

Bridget M. · 17 · Long Meadow High School

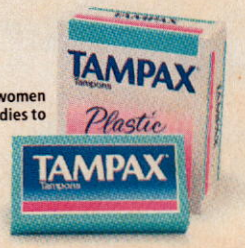
The good news is a lot of days will be sweeter, because they'll be neater, discreeter, once you change from bulky old pads. And there is no bad news.

With TAMPAX® Tampons, there's nothing that can change your body. Just soft, cottony protection that gently shapes itself to your shape.

And your choice of applicators. There's Slender Regular, with a slim, flushable applicator, or Plastic Applicator with a gently rounded tip.

For a free sample and helpful info, send your name and address to TAMPAX® Tampons, P.O. Box 4872, Dept. B, Monticello, MN 55365-4872, and start changing your life for the better.

More women trust their bodies to



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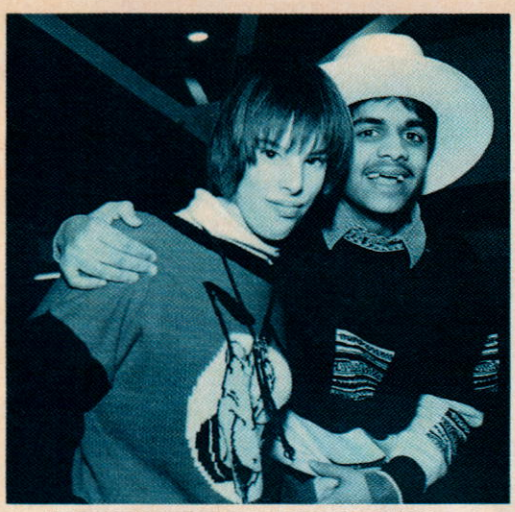
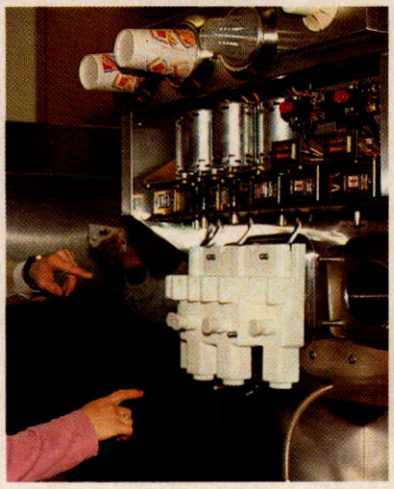
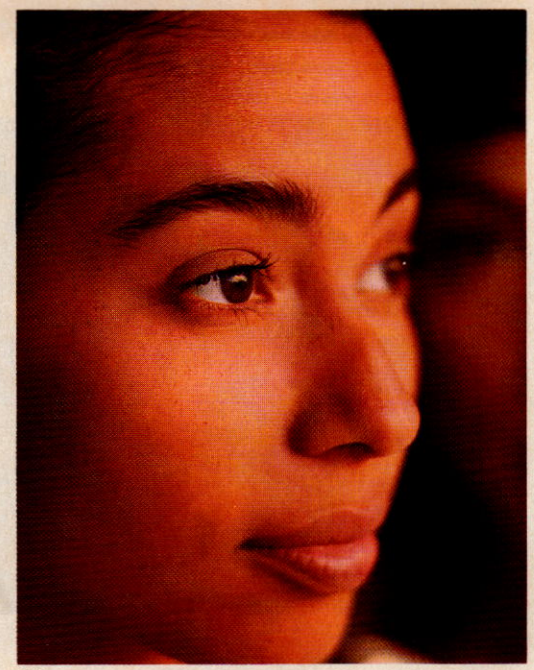


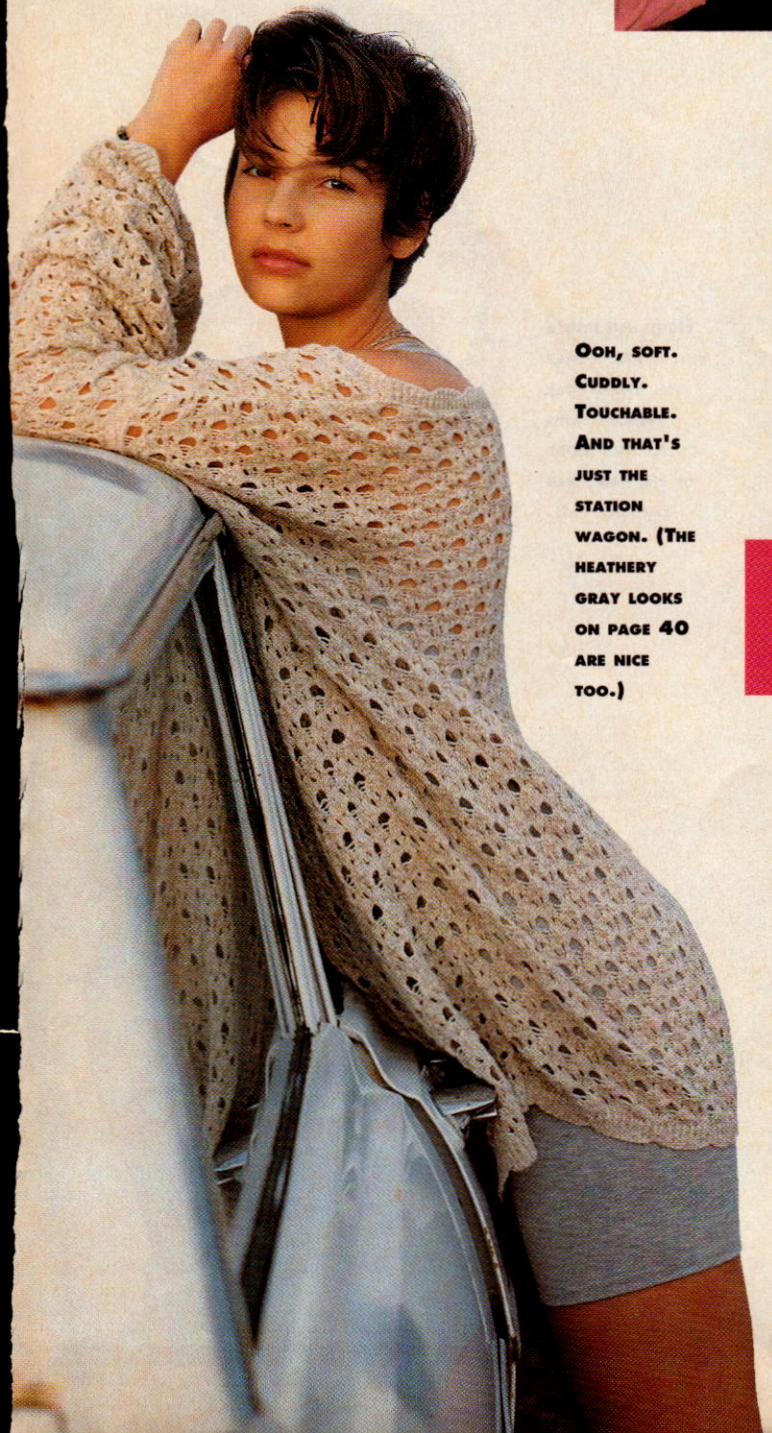
LESLIE TOOK THIS PHOTO OF HER SISTER AMY, WHO'S RETARDED. READ ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP ON PAGE 46.

PAGE 54 ASKS: CAN YOU STILL GRADUATE IF YOU (HEAVEN FORBID) ACCIDENTALLY MIX CHOCOLATE AND STRAWBERRY?





WANT YOUR FACE TO BE NEARLY NEKKID, YET FULLY GORGEOUS? GO TO PAGE 52, QUICK.



OOH, SOFT. CUDDLY. TOUCHABLE. AND THAT'S JUST THE STATION WAGON. (THE HEATHERY GRAY LOOKS ON PAGE 40 ARE NICE TOO.)

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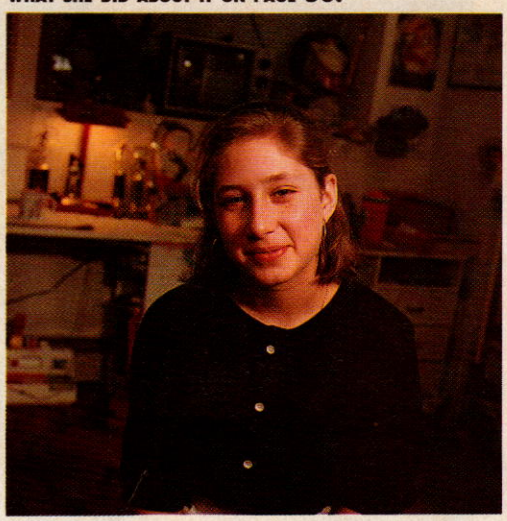
YOU'RE THE COOLEST AND YOU KNOW IT. SO YOU REALLY OUGHT TO ENTER THAT CLAIROL SASSIEST GIRL IN AMERICA CONTEST ON PAGE 26 OR SOMETHING.

ALYSHEA HEARD THAT GIRLS LOSE THEIR SELF-ESTEEM WHEN THEY HIT THEIR TEENS. SHE DIDN'T BUY IT. SEE WHAT SHE DID ABOUT IT ON PAGE 56.



AND ON PAGE 67, WE TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE TOAST. (JOKE. ACTUALLY, THIS PIC IS RELATED TO HOW TO HAVE AN ENTERTAINING SUMMER. NEVER MIND, JUST RIP OUT THE BOOKLET.)

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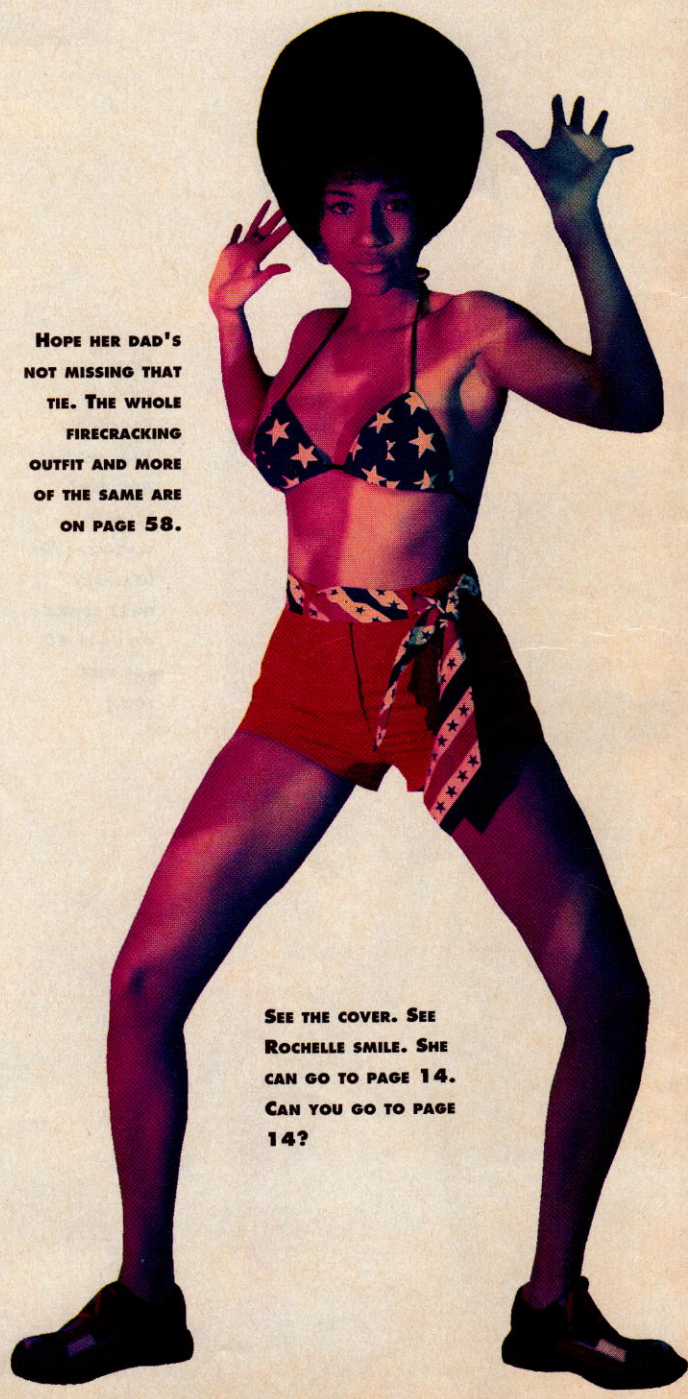
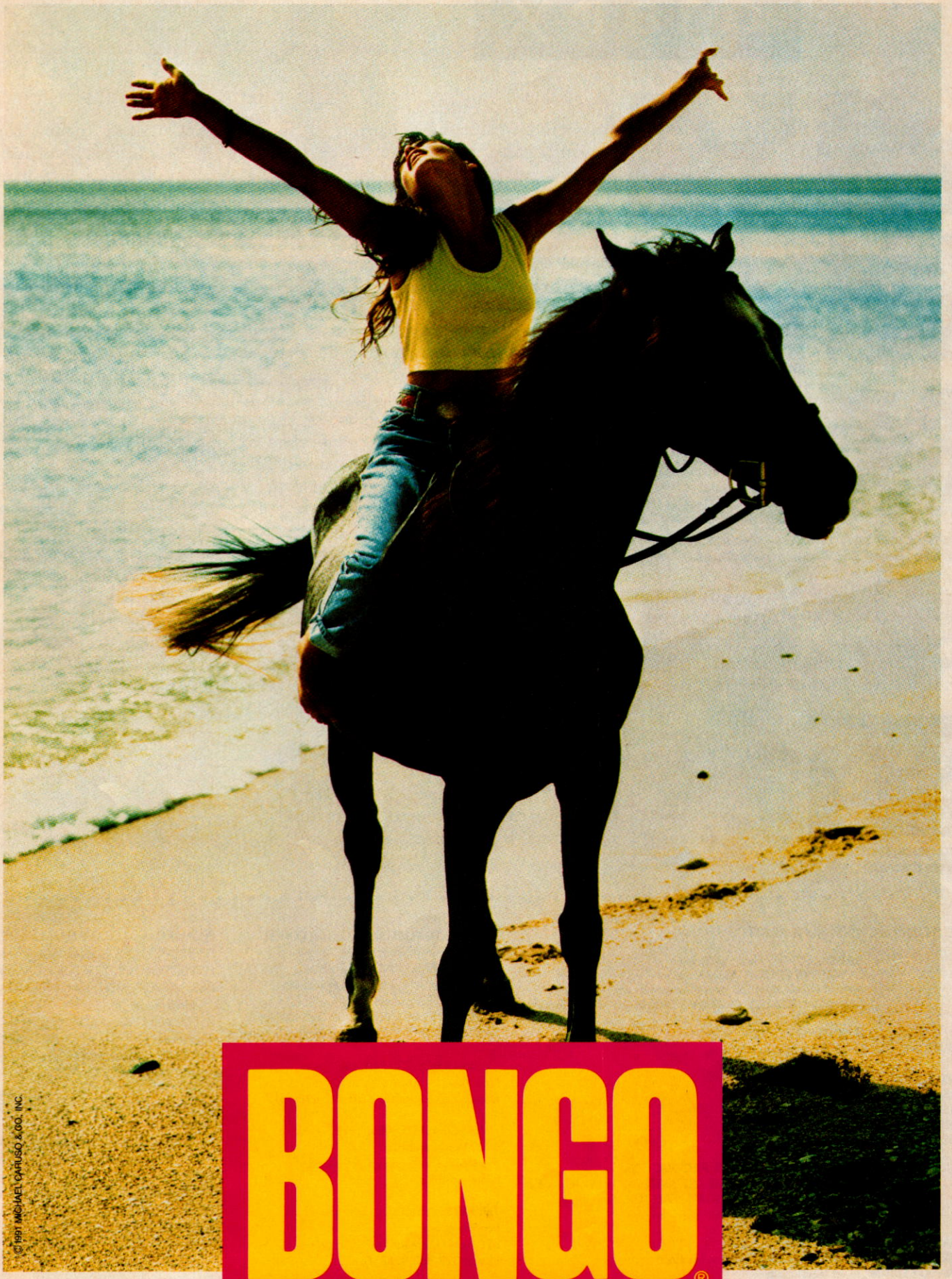


HOPE HER DAD'S NOT MISSING THAT TIE. THE WHOLE FIRECRACKING OUTFIT AND MORE OF THE SAME ARE ON PAGE 58.

SEE THE COVER. SEE ROCHELLE SMILE. SHE CAN GO TO PAGE 14. CAN YOU GO TO PAGE 14?



BURDINE'S JORDAN MARSH A&S

diary

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, LEFT: ME, CHRISTINA, NEILL, KAREN AND ANNE B., ANDREA AND MARGIE, MIKE

generally excellent

You almost didn't recognize us, am I right? That's 'cause for one day this month, all 18 of us put on nice clothes, washed behind our ears and walked up to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel--into the Grand Ballroom, no less (chandelier city, man)--for the annual National Magazine Awards, which is the magazine version of the Oscars/Grammys/MTV Video Music Awards/Westminster Dog Show. Our little Sassy was one of five finalists--along with The New Yorker, Gourmet, Forbes and Condé Nast Traveler--for the General Excellence Award (think "Best Picture") in our circulation category. It was a big deal. Anyway, we totally lost. I kind of missed the details on the winner (Condé Nast Traveler) 'cause I was busy going over my acceptance speech in my head. (Oh, since I didn't get to give it, I'll tell you who I thanked: the other 17/18ths of this team here; Dale Lang, big-time; Bobbie Halfin; everyone else at our company, Lang Communications; the judges; and you guys.) So I'm sure there were good reasons why Traveler won. It's a cool magazine. And we behaved ourselves really well and didn't boo them or bang our forks and chant, "Sassy! Sassy!" or anything.

Fortunately, in town to console me was Lew, the iconoclastic and adorable LA-based editor-in-chief of Dirt. That's the guys' version of Sassy, which you'll be giving to your brother, boyfriend, that babe who works at Chess King or all of the above when it comes out in September. Lew brought me and Mike some photos and stories he and his Dirt pals Spike and Andy have been working on, and we're thoroughly stoked on them. Then, to help us feel like we weren't complete losers, we got final word that Sassy is being licensed in Japan, meaning that now girls there can be as hip as you are. In Japanese, of course.

Well, that's the scoop until next month, when you'll see us happily back in our jeans and Docs. Have a fun mid-summer, why don't you.

— Jane

NEILL WITH HIS MYSTERY BISQUE

PS to those of you who read last month's "Diary": I did meet up with Mike Edwards from Jesus Jones again, and guess what I found out?! He's m-a-r-r-i-e-d. But still very nice.

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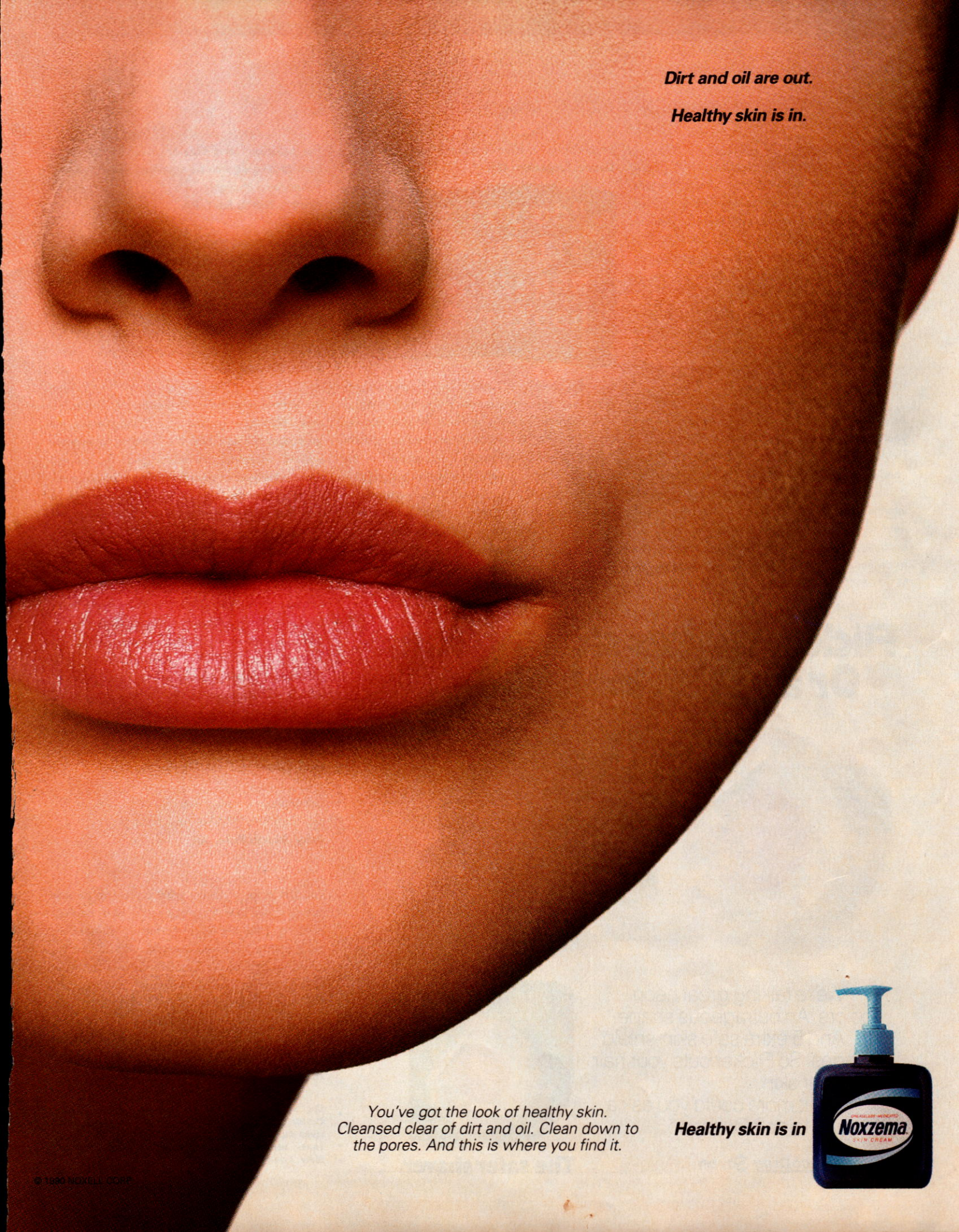
Dirt and oil are out.
Healthy skin is in.
You've got the look of healthy skin.
Cleansed clear of dirt and oil. Clean down to
the pores. And this is where you find it.
Healthy skin is in
Noxzema
SKIN CREAM
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say what

blame the victim/not

I'm not surprised Kim Frey contracted AIDS ["How This Girl Lives with the AIDS Virus," May]. She was a slut! I sympathize, but she could've easily avoided the virus (try not having sex with every boyfriend). On the cover you said, "A Girl Like You Who Got the AIDS Virus." This isn't true unless you sell all these magazines to hookers!

Danielle and Noelle, NY

Wow, your leap in logic and quickness to judge really astound me. But because I'd like you to live to a ripe old age anyway, you should know that you can get AIDS from only one sexual encounter with an HIV-infected person. —Jane

As the mother of a teenage daughter who enjoys your excellent magazine, I can't understand Kim Frey's parents putting their own despair above her need for support. Teens are the fastest-growing group with AIDS. We need to make sure they're informed of high-risk behavior and the precautions needed to remain healthy. But if our teens do become infected, as many will, we need to put aside our pain and be there for them with all the unconditional love we've had for them since birth.

Diane, Logsden, OR

> "do you sell all these magazines to hookers?"

you spill it more

What sux about my school ["You Spill It About Your Schools," May]? The closed-minded administration. Recently my principal censored an editorial I wrote for our school paper. It was about him, but it wasn't libelous. (I even went to him before publication to check it out. I would have changed it slightly—I'm not completely inflexible—but after two edits he still didn't like it. By then it was watered-down crap anyway and I refused to run it.) The Student Press Law Center says he can't do this: The paper isn't for a class or funded by the school. I did cause a stir with the editorial I wrote about the first editorial, though!

Karyn, North East, PA

My school beats them all. See, everything is done to protect our beloved hockey team. There have been rapes covered up that even our headmaster knew about, in order to keep a star player on the team. If you get caught drinking, smoking or doing drugs and you're a hockey player, no problem. But otherwise you're expelled—especially girls.

Sally, Boston, MA

My school, Harmony, is wonderful. There are only 130 kids in grades 1-12. They give you the guidance to learn and the freedom to express yourself. Questions are encouraged. You can ask my science teacher about anything from biogenetics to human sexuality. We call our teachers by their first names. It's the best alternative school I've ever seen.

Marabai, Bloomington, IN

boy bud ponderings

I agree with Morgan ["She Says Guys Make Better Friends," May]. I have a posse of male friends, and I can just be myself and not worry about the frills with them. I think it depends on your ability to get along with the opposite sex in a different way, not as society expects. My mom supports my choice to hang with the guys because my parents are divorced and I don't have any male role models. I wouldn't give up my guys for the world!

One contented gal, Nashville, TN

Isn't Morgan a perfect example of "the whistle that only dogs hear" ["What Now," May]?

Amy, North Pole, AK

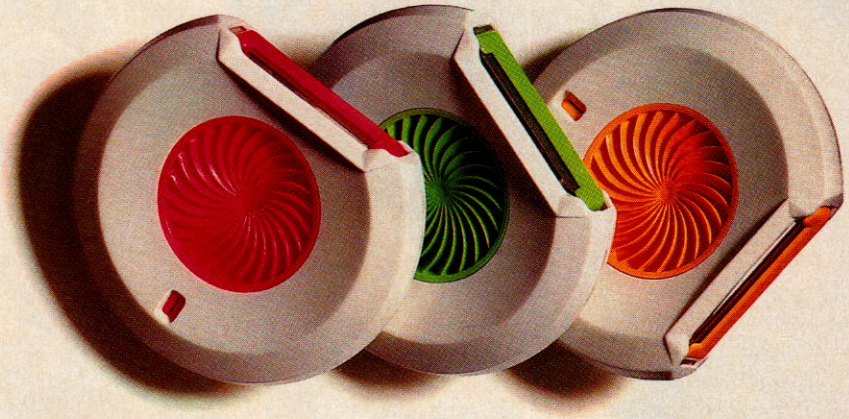
a not-annoying reader

You get a lot of letters from annoying people putting down everything you write. Must be very irritating. I bet it's the same feeling as standing behind two people who are talking about how the capital of Morocco is Casablanca, and you want to yell, "No, you jerks! It's Rabat!" but you can't. That's why I wanted to tell you I love all the fashions in your mag and how honest and outgoing you all are. And I like how you refer to everyone by their first names.

Jill, Nova, MS

Oh, sure, we have a few computers and a fruit chandelier, but without a letter from you, our lives are hollow and meaningless. So send it to Jane, July Say What, Sassy, 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169.

Flicker® makes shaving fun. Or at least look like it.



We're talking great neon colors. An outrageous shape.
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(Put face here and press.)

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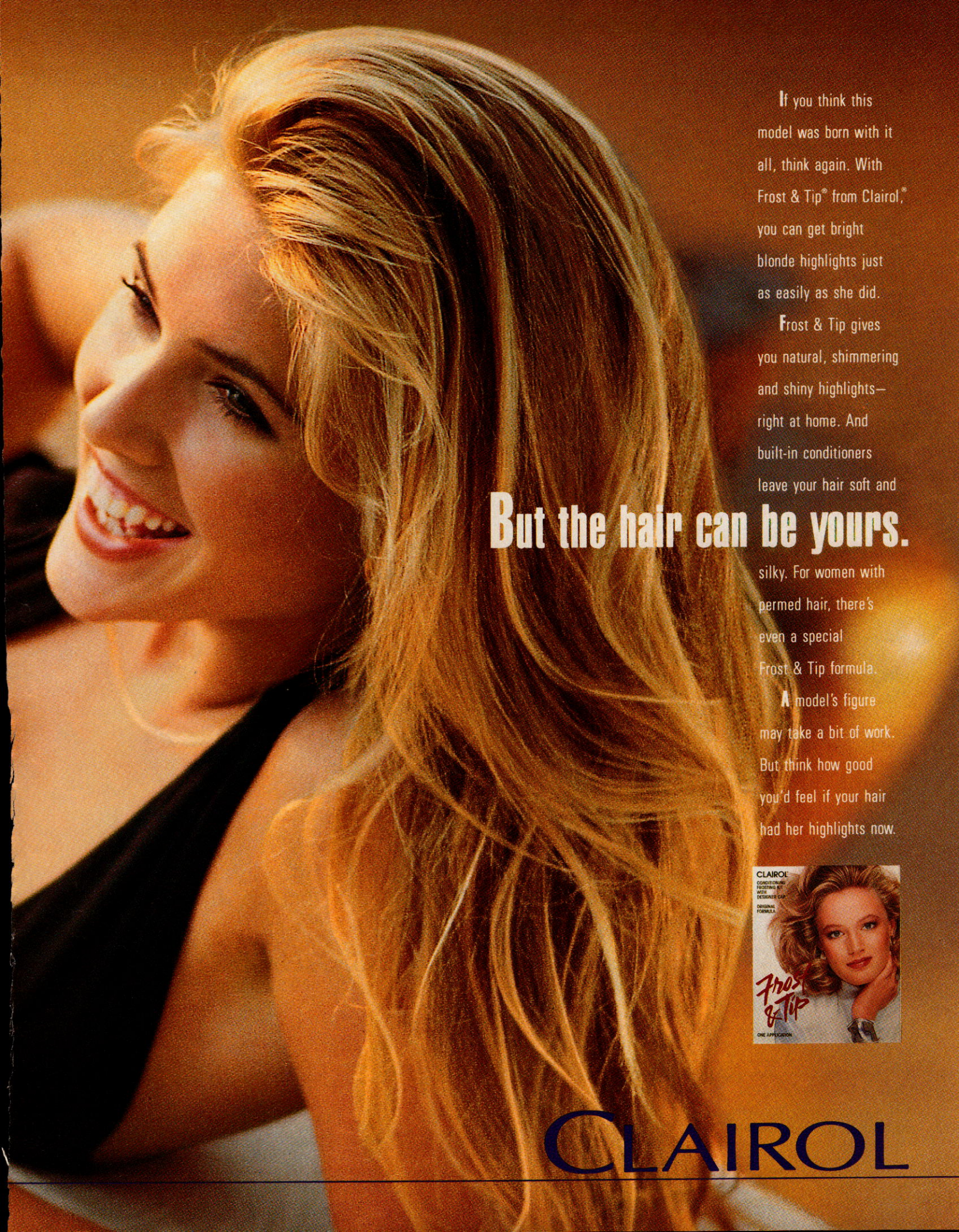
Judi's highlights by Frost & Tip® from Clairol.



If you think this model was born with it all, think again. With Frost & Tip® from Clairol,® you can get bright blonde highlights just as easily as she did.

Frost & Tip gives you natural, shimmering and shiny highlights—right at home. And built-in conditioners leave your hair soft and silky. For women with permed hair, there's even a special Frost & Tip formula.

A model's figure may take a bit of work. But think how good you'd feel if your hair had her highlights now.

But the hair can be yours.

CLAIROL

by kim

body talk

eye drops that infect

Unsanitary eye drop containers might not appear to be one of the pressing issues of our time, but they are a very real menace. A recent study determined that drop users contaminate nearly a third of all their containers. See, just touching the tip or putting the not-tightly-closed bottle into your purse can allow bacteria to make contact and grow, causing infections (in fact, half of the group studied had eye infections at the time). And if you have the kind of minute, harmless scratches in the eye that are common to contact lens wearers, bacteria can penetrate and cause problems so bad you could potentially lose your sight. So whether we're talking contact lens fluids or regular old Visine, don't ever leave the bottles anything other than securely capped.

people whose friends are supportive and nice while they're trying to stop smoking (as opposed to critical and cop-like) have a better chance of quitting.

how angry do you get?

Do you pitch fits of rage for no real reason a couple of times a week? Are the episodes accompanied by a wet brow, flushed face and short breath? Well, don't assume you're just an exceptionally short-fused person. You could be depressed or have a panic disorder, both of which might be the result of a chemical imbalance treatable with antidepressants. If you think this might be you, make a trip to your doctor, who can refer you to a psychiatrist.

from the "we knew that" department: according to a study at the university of pennsylvania, men's brains deteriorate faster than women's as they age.

unhealthy states

We found out the least healthy states of the union to live in, just in case you were wondering. According to a panel of health professionals—who judged factors like the prevalence of smoking, motor vehicle deaths and violent crime, as well as disability, disease and access to health care—New Mexico and Louisiana tied for fourth place, Nevada and Mississippi tied for third and West Virginia came in second. The least healthy state is Alaska.

LOVE YOUR EYES · BIOLOGICAL CRANKINESS

the average person generates one to three pints of gas a day.

how vegetables breathe

Always store fresh mushrooms in paper (not plastic) bags. They need a flow of air to keep from going bad, and plastic stops that groovy dynamic from happening.

photograph: cheryl dunn hair & makeup: james kaliardos for visage model: nancy

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by mary and karen

about face

yogurt face

Sometimes the grossest-looking things feel the greatest. Take this yogurt facial treat (please). All you have to do is get yourself a huge tub of whole sheep's milk yogurt (save that wimpy lowfat stuff for your stomach) and keep it on standby in the fridge for when your skin feels drudgy. You can use a palmful of yogurt to wash your face, or leave it on like a mask (left) and let the coolness wake up your skin as the fatty ingredients in the yogurt moisturize it. Works no matter what brand of skin you've got.

Shower Shaver

Bic's new Pastel Shavers were designed specifically for use in the shower — where almost all of us shave. They're radical because the handle is longer and easier to grip when wet. Shaving trivia: Did you know that shaving your armpits helps prevent odor, since smells and secretions (sounds like a punk band) can get trapped in the hairs? Did you know you should always use shaving cream and a very sharp blade to prevent shaving irritation? Did you know that Teen Spirit Anti-Perspirant is gentle enough to use right after shaving, thanks to a soother called allantoin?

IF YOU'VE GOT UNDER-EYE CIRCLES AND YOU SMOKE, STOP IT. WHEN OUR ANDREA QUIT, SO DID HER BAGS.

How To Smell This Summer

Fragrances come on way stronger in the heat of summer, so trade in the heavier winter-type scents, such as oriental and spice-based smells, and opt for lighter citruses and florals in cooling creams, mists or splash-ons (look for Cover Girl Navy Clean Splash, Jovan Florals Enriched Moisturizing Lotion with Aloe and Anais Anais Voile de Parfum spray).

as cool as the name

This month's prize for the new product with the best name has to be handed to Clinique's City Block, an oil-free, chemical-free, everyday face protector with an SPF of 13 that forms an invisible, non-stinging barrier to protect your skin from the sun and other nasties. And because it's got no chemicals, you can use it around your eyes and it won't irritate even ultra-sensitive skin.

FLAG GIRL

Our July cover model is 23-year-old New Jerseyite **ROCHELLE.**

What's the most fun you ever had on the 4th of July? "That's my aunt's birthday. Once, about nine years ago, we had a pool party and a barbecue."

Do you own anything red, white and blue? "No, I sure don't."

What does the 4th of July mean to you? "It's okay, but January 1st is more of an independence day for me, because that's when the Emancipation Proclamation was signed."

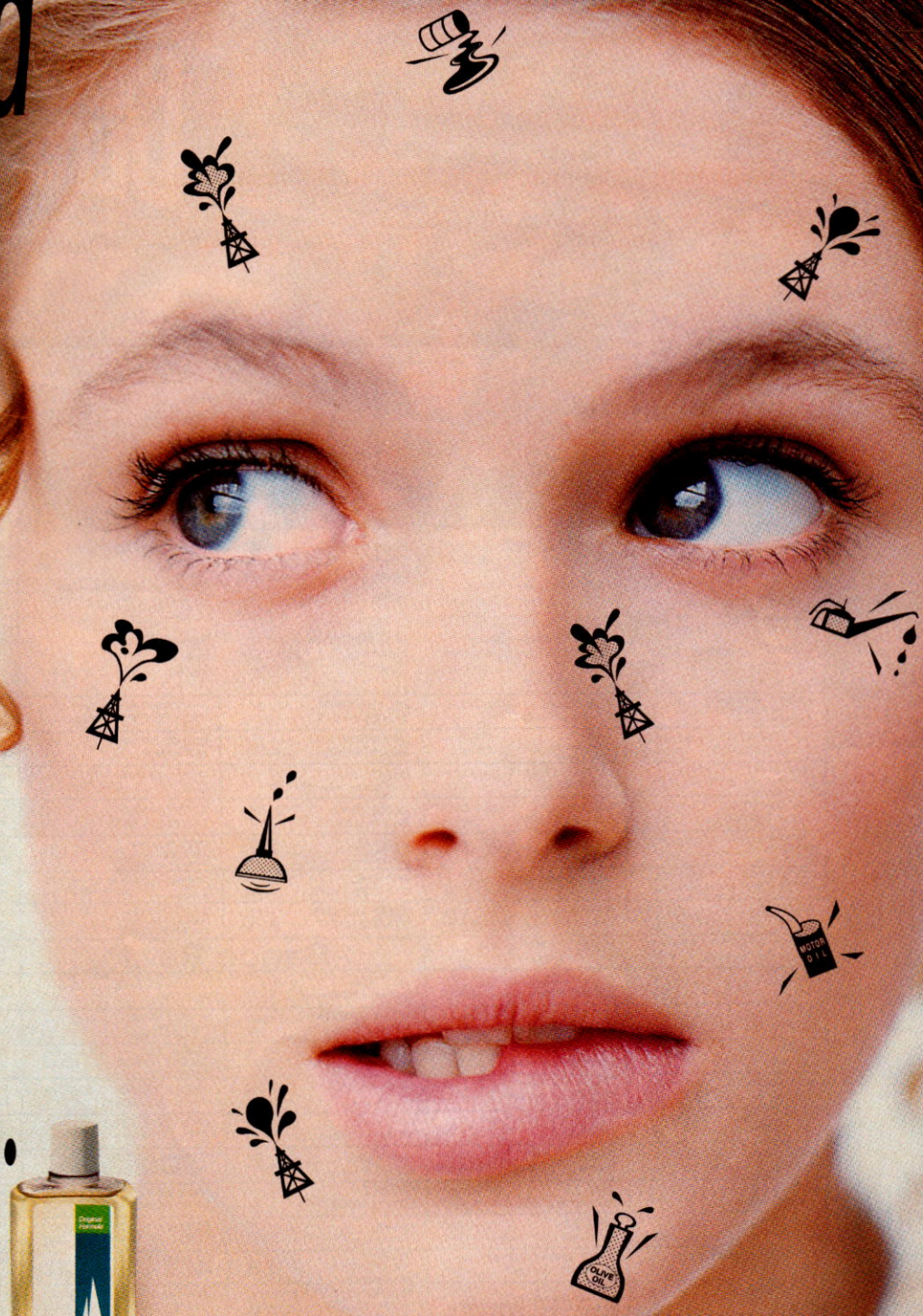
Get Rochelle's totally independent look with Maybelline Shades of You Oil Free Liquid Make-up in Cafe au Lait; Oil Free Pressed Powder in Tawny; Blooming Colors Eye Shadow Collection in the Suedes; Look Natural Lashes, Demi Wisp style; Kissing Koolers Flavored Lip Gloss in Peppermint Twist. Leggings and bra top by Bamboo. Sneakers by Keds. Earrings by Agatha Paris. Regina Harris did Rochelle's makeup for Jean-Louis David, Justin Henri did her hair, then George Holz finally popped off a picture or two.

Ex-Intern Tip! Ex-Intern Tip!

Former SASSY office saint Daisy von Furth has a little gem of beauty wisdom for many of you plagued by dark hair on your arms, tummy, legs, etc. She swears that Sun-In —the stuff you're supposed to put on the locks on your head—lightens body hair right out too (but don't put it on your face, okay?). Imagine.

photography: eric safersah. hair & makeup: azuma for pipino-buscheri. model: caroline

Avoid a Crisis.



If there are times your face feels a little crude, why not take care of your skin before the problems begin? By deep cleaning it with Sea Breeze® Antiseptic. After all, if there's one place that can live with a shortage of oil it's your face.

Put your best face forward.

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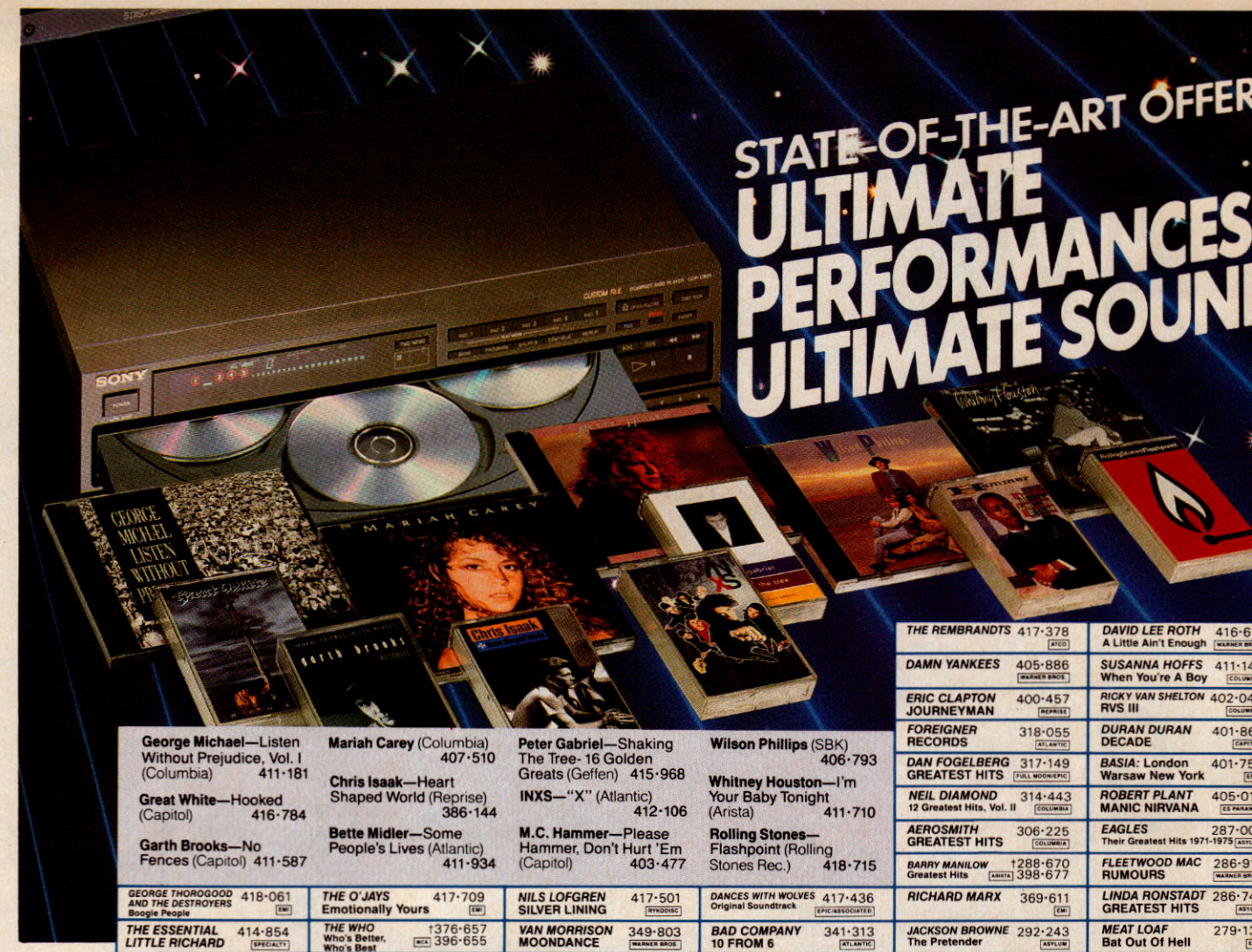

George Michael—Listen Without Prejudice, Vol. I (Columbia) 411·181

Great White—Hooked (Capitol) 416·784

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Chris Isaak—Heart Shaped World (Reprise) 386·144

Bette Midler—Some People's Lives (Atlantic) 411·934

Peter Gabriel—Shaking The Tree- 16 Golden Greats (Geffen) 415·968

INXS—"X" (Atlantic) 412·106

M.C. Hammer—Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em (Capitol) 403·477

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 406·793

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I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for my 12 selections, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling).

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel my membership anytime after doing so.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (CHECK ONE): *(But I am always free to choose from any category)*

☐ **Hard Rock** *Aerosmith, David Lee Roth*
☐ **Soft Rock** *George Michael, Michael Bolton*
☐ **Modern Rock** *The Cure, The Replacements*
☐ **Light Sounds** *Bette Midler, Carly Simon*
☐ **Heavy Metal** *Judas Priest, Warrant*
☐ **R&B/Soul** *Freddie Jackson, Guy*
☐ **Easy Listening** *Ray Conniff, Johnny Mathis*
☐ **Dance Pop** *Technotronic, Stevie B*
☐ **Jazz**
☐ **Country**
☐ **Classical**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss *(Please Print)* First Name Initial Last Name Age

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Do you have a telephone? (01) ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ **Also send my first selection for up to 60% off regular Club prices,** for which I am also enclosing additional payment of $3.98. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

This discount purchase also entitles me to these 2 EXTRA CASSETTES, FREE!

9F6-WS-EM

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

SASSY

TAKE 12 CASSETTES FOR 1¢

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET 2 MORE—FREE!

Send me these 12 Cassettes (write one number in each box):

See details below.

Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge
P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1130

I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for my 12 selections, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling).

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel my membership anytime after doing so.

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☐ **Dance Pop** *Technotronic, Stevie B*
☐ **Jazz**
☐ **Country**
☐ **Classical**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name Age

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Do you have a telephone? (01) ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ **Also send my first selection for up to 60% off regular Club prices,** for which I am also enclosing additional payment of $3.98. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

This discount purchase also entitles me to these 2 EXTRA CASSETTES, FREE!

9F7-WS-EM

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

TAKE ANY 8 CDs FOR 1¢

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

See details below.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢

Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129

I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for my first 8 Compact Discs, plus $1.85 for shipping/handling).

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 6 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel my membership anytime after doing so.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (CHECK ONE): *(But I am always free to choose from any category)*

☐ **Hard Rock** *Aerosmith, David Lee Roth*
☐ **Soft Rock** *George Michael, Michael Bolton*
☐ **Modern Rock** *The Cure, The Replacements*
☐ **Light Sounds** *Bette Midler, Carly Simon*
☐ **Heavy Metal** *Judas Priest, Warrant*
☐ **R&B/Soul** *Freddie Jackson, Guy*
☐ **Easy Listening** *Ray Conniff, Johnny Mathis*
☐ **Dance Pop** *Technotronic, Stevie B*
☐ **Jazz**
☐ **Country**
☐ **Classical**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name Age

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** also send me one more CD right now, for which I am enclosing an additional $6.95.

This discount purchase entitles me to this EXTRA CD, FREE!

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

9F7-8F-RN

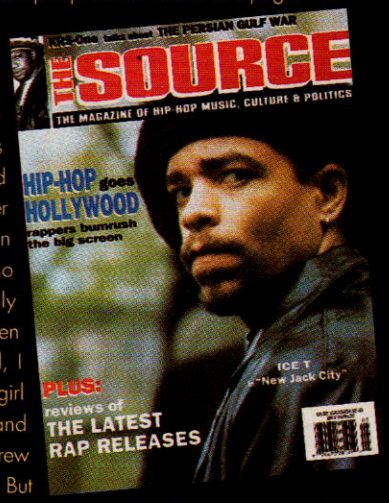
by christina

what now

The Little Hip-Hop Magazine That Could

by Kim

When I get my subscription copy of *The Source* every month, I devour it immediately, just like all you little potato heads go after *Sassy*. The first serious magazine devoted exclusively to hip-hop culture was a one-page newsletter put out by a couple of Harvard students three years ago. But like the music they cover, *The Source* just kept growing. Now it's a real live magazine, and it just went national (it's available at both newsstands and record stores). The staffers are all under 25, which gives this mag a certain unpolished, energetic tone. It's also refreshing that these guys consciously choose not to promote the music's often sexist and misogynistic overtones. Still, I must complain that their coverage of girl rappers is far from comprehensive, and putting Luther Campbell from 2 Live Crew on the cover was wack, wack, wack. But until there's a magazine just for girl rappers, this will do. For a one-year subscription, send $19.95 to *The Source*, Subscription Department, 594 Broadway, Suite 510, New York, NY 10012.



Yet Another Way to Keep Minorities Down

by Mary Kaye

I graduated from City College in Manhattan, part of the City University of New York (CUNY) and spent a total of $5,000 for my four years there. I couldn't have gone to college otherwise, since my parents had pretty much blown their wad on my private high school education. Most of the kids in my classes at City were from lower-middle-class or working-class families; more than half were black, Hispanic or Asian. For just about all of them, this was their only chance for a college education. In April, New York's Governor Mario Cuomo proposed $92 million in cuts from the university's budget and a tuition increase of $500 per student per year (total yearly tuition is now $1,550). This, in addition to big reductions in student financial aid from the state, would raise tuition for many students by more than 60 percent. Because they will have to admit fewer students, CUNY may also have to reverse their policy of admitting all high school graduates, whatever their grades. As one university official pointed out, squeezing kids out of college does not save public money, since many of those who do not attend will end up on welfare. I am proud to say that the CUNY students did not take this proposal lying down. Throughout the campuses, they protested: closing buildings, holding demonstrations and suspending classes. Governor Cuomo's reaction seemed to be: "Stop whining!" I'm so sure *his* kids had to worry about college tuition.

rumor has it that the seminal band television, featuring tom verlaine and richard hell, is back together and looking for a label. mike is very happy about this.

some nice hand-printed cards

Minimalists will appreciate the fine hand-printed and hand-colored cards created by Utility Grade Paper Product, a little company that started out as a record label. The cards are on very nice paper, and the graphics are so simply drawn that they're funny. You can choose from many designs, including a dog, boy, elephant, sunflower, mackerel or chicken. Prices: $2 or $2.50 apiece for cards, $.80 or $1 for postcards. A steal. For a free catalog, write to Utility Grade SA, 22-196 Eglington Avenue East, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA, M4P-1K2; or call 416-483-1721.

CUTE BAND ALERT

left to right: ashley, russell, andrew, simon and stephen

One of the guys in Chapterhouse (average age: 20) is named Simon, so you may guess (correctly) that they are from England. Simon is one of three guitar players in the band. Their music is a lovely combination of the guitar noise so integral to rock, Lenny Kravitz-like psychedelia, and drums that are dangerously reminiscent of dance music. I think three of them are kind of cute. Guess which.

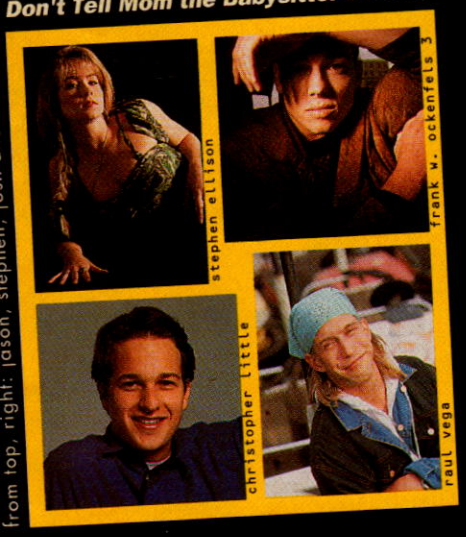
Sassy Synonius, the Sassiest Boy in America, turned 23 on June 1. And to think he was just 20 last year.

sassy glossary: definition # 39

Chomp: Verb meaning to copy. Usage: "*YM* tries to chomp *Sassy*'s writing style, but they never quite get it." Nose ring. Nose ring. Nose ring.

COMING OF AGE, AGAIN

osh Charles, of *Dead Poets Society*, Stephen Baldwin, of "Young Riders" and Jason Gedrick, of many movies not on par with his acting ability, just began filming a little coming-of-age movie called *The Bridge*. It's being put out by Outlaw Productions, the same company that released the acclaimed *sex, lies and videotape*, as well as Christina Applegate's upcoming flick, *Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead.*



from top, right: Jason, Stephen, Jos

Overzealous Feminists

I consider myself a feminist and usually agree with what the National Organization for Women has to say. But recently we had a difference of opinion. A coalition of New York liquor sellers began lobbying against a state bill requiring restaurants, bars and liquor stores to post signs warning pregnant women of the dangers of alcohol consumption. The New York State chapter of NOW aligned themselves with the lobbyists, because they think the bill unfairly singles out women and values the rights of the fetus over the rights of the woman carrying it. "Our position is based on the fact that women are being singled out inappropriately," said Christine Rice, Action VP of the New York City Chapter. "Alcohol also harms the male reproductive system. The health hazards of alcohol consumption need to be addressed across the board." True, more research on alcohol's effects on sperm should be conducted, but that doesn't mean it's wrong to inform women who choose to give birth that drinking could deform their babies. This bill does not prohibit women from drinking during pregnancy, it merely warns them of the dangers. Every year, 5,000 US babies (400 of them in New York) are born with fetal alcohol syndrome, which means they have physical abnormalities, growth problems and malfunctioning nervous systems. Trying to prevent these birth defects seems more important to me than some nebulous argument.

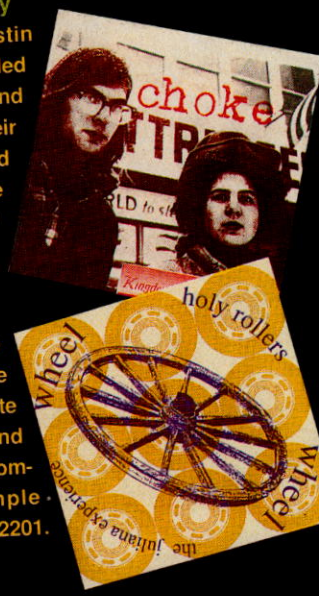
what now

Margie's friend says he saw John Kennedy, Jr. at Cirque du Soleil, Cirque du Soleil, the cool Montreal avant-circus, and swears little JFK was wearing a Sassy baseball cap. I hope this is true.

how to start your own record label

"It is our dream to live in a world of girls (and boys) who make their own music and put it out themselves, therefore we would like to tell girls just how easy it is to start their own label."—Jennifer Toomey

These 23-year-old girls, Jennifer Toomey and Kristin Thompson, have a record label in Arlington, VA called Simple Machines. Two years ago Jennifer and her friend Brad, who was then her partner, used $1,000 out of their own pockets to press their first single. They charged $3 for the record, which, like all Simple Machine releases, was a compilation of three songs. Now Kristin and Jennifer are working 40 hours a week on the label, but they still have full-time jobs. "It would be great if the record label could support us," says Kristin. "But we're not really profit-driven because we keep our prices low." For their free, short, concise guide to starting your own record company (complete with a description of the record-making process and addresses and phone numbers of recommended companies to work with) send two stamps to Simple Machines, 3510 North Eighth Street, Arlington, VA 22201. For their catalog of releases, send one stamp.



By the Year 2000:

1. Almost one half of the world's forests will be gone.
2. One fifth of the world's plant and animal species will be extinct.
3. The air we breathe will contain one third more carbon dioxide than it now does.

Besides the usual environmental reasons, these problems are directly related to the world's huge population crisis. There are over five billion people in the world today; three billion of them will enter their reproductive years in this generation. If you want to find out what you can do to help solve this problem, write to The Population Institute, 110 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

All right, this was not my best column. But that's okay. Because I am a fun person. I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and gosh darn it, people like me.

find Andre in Your mailbox.

Join Andre's Court Club and your friendly mailperson will bring you lots of really cool stuff.

a cool t-shirt

extremely cool newsletters

a really, really cool poster

a membership certificate- a cool one

a cool photo and a cool letter

really cool members only stuff

Want to join? Cool. Complete this form, send it with $17*, then go stand by the mailbox. Bring a jacket.

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state _____ zip _____

birthday ____/____/____ male/female _____

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*Offer available in U.S. only. Price includes $2.00 for postage and handling. Please do not send cash and allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

RO1SY0791

by andrea and karen

making it

A truly comfortable dress is just one of those things you can't have enough of—sort of like potato chips. That's why we've decided to show you how to make some for yourself.

some things to get:

A thick cotton tee or a snug cotton-Lycra shirt (the fabric should be strong enough to support the weight of an attached skirt without stretching down to your knees or thereabouts); a skirt with a gathered waist (we used a velvet one); scissors; straight pins; needle and thread or a sewing machine.

something to sew:

Hack that T-shirt off four inches below your bust. Turn your skirt inside out and lay it out flat. Turn your T-shirt upside down and tuck it inside the skirt (the neckline and sleeves go in first), pulling it in until the bottom of the tee and the waistband of the skirt are aligned with the right sides facing each other. Now pin the two together all the way around half an inch below the skirt's waistband (being sure not to actually pin the waistband closed). Sew that seam, then carefully cut off the original waistband and turn the whole gig right side out.

some variations:

Use a swingy miniskirt instead of a long skirt and make a baby doll dress. Or sub a tank top to get an airier sort of effect. Or use a long chiffon skirt and wear leggings under the thing.

DRESS YOURSELF

where it's at

Here's where you'll find the fashion and advertising merchandising this month.

PAGE 5:
BONGO
A&S, NJ, NY; Bloomingdale's, MA, NJ, NY; Body Shop, AL, FL, GA; The Bon, WA; Bullocks, CA; Burdine's, FL; Canadian's, CT, NJ, NY; Contempo Casuals; County Seat; Dillard's, AR, AZ, OK, TX; Ivey's, FL, NC, SC; Jay Jacobs, CA, OR, WA; Jordan Marsh, CT, MA, RI; Lamont's, AK, OR, WA; Lazarus, IN, OH; Liberty House, HI; Macy's, CA, DC, FL, GA, NJ, NY; Parisian, AL, GA; Rich's, GA; Urban Outfitters, DC, MA, NY, PA; Vanity Shops; Weinstock's, CA; Wet Seal, CA; ZCMI, UT; Denim Mine, NY; Maison Blanche, LA, FL.

PAGE 13:
SASSABY
Caldor; Target; Hook Drugs; Arbor Drugs; Snyder Drug Stores; Venture; Lechters; J. Eckerd Drug Co.; Osco/American Drug Stores; Toys 'R Us; Drug Emporium; Wal-Mart; Ulta 3; Walgreens; Spencer Gift; Prangeway; Longs; Big B; Perry; Thrift Drug; Ames; Thrifty; Genovese; Payless; Bed, Bath & Beyond. Call 1-800-833-1342.

PAGE 15:
SEA BREEZE
Albertsons; Alpha Beta; CVS; Drug Emporium; Eckerd Drugs; F&M Discount; K-Mart; Longs Drug; Lucky Food; Osco/Sav-on; Pathmark; Phar-Mor; Publix; Revco; Rite-Aid; Safeway; Shop-Rite; Target; Thrift Drug; Thrifty Drug; Vons; Wal-Mart; Walgreens; Winn Dixie.

PAGE 28:
CLEAR PERFECTION CORRECTIVE COSMETICS BY WEST CABOT
Walgreens, IL, FL; CVS, MA; Thrifty, CA; Thrifty Acres, MI; Duane Reade, NY; Pay N'Save, WA; Fred Meyer, OR; Harco, AL; K&B, LA; Venture, MI; Bradlees, NJ; Brooks, RI; Welby, ME; SuperX, KY; Cosmetic Centers, MD; Revco, NC, AZ, SC; Snyders, MN; Larry's, OK; Genovese, CT; Hills, OH; Drug Emporium, PA, GA.

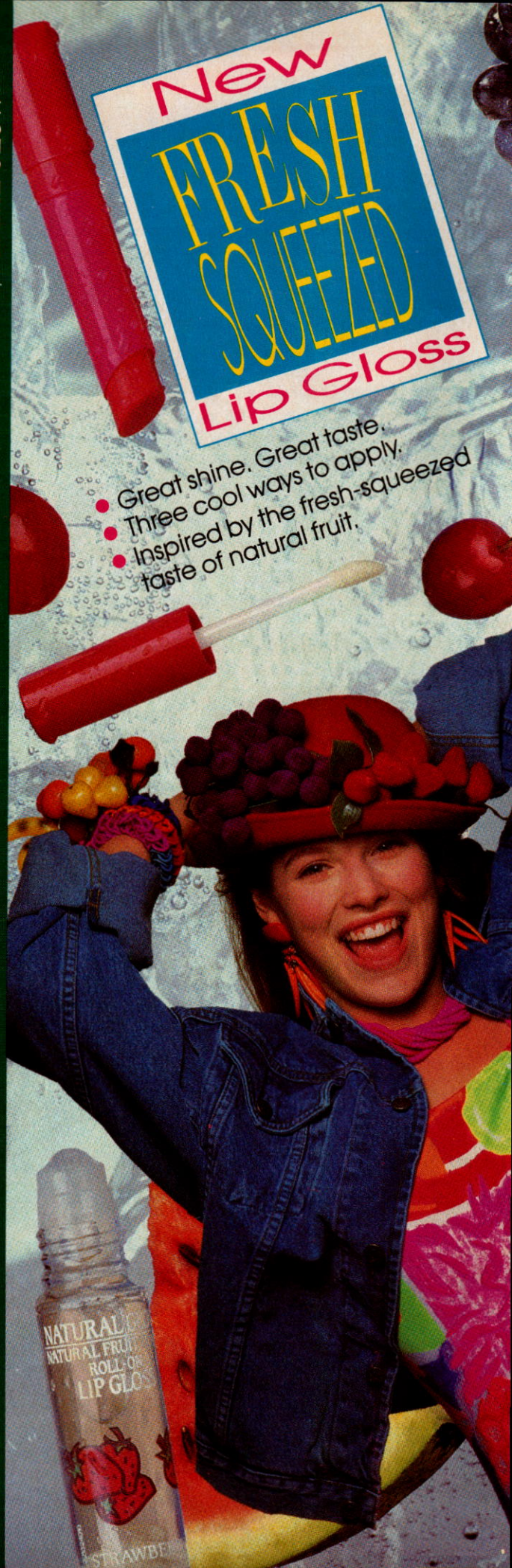
WHAT NEXT
PAGE 35:
Palmetto jacket from Lord & Taylor; Dayton Hudson; Lazarus; Foley's; and L.S. Ayres. Necessary Objects shorts from selected department and specialty stores. JouJou jacket from selected department and specialty stores. Cherokee overalls from Stone Thomas, WV. Esprit coat from 1-800-777-8765. Keds from selected department and specialty stores. Urban Outfitters backpack from Urban Outfitters stores. Guess? jeans from selected department and specialty stores. British Knights from J.C. Penney and Foot Locker; Reebok from selected department and specialty stores. K. Bell socks from Sox Appeal; and American Sock Shop.

GRAY MATTERS
PAGE 40:
Bra from Malibu Lingerie, Malibu, CA; Village Bra Smith, NYC; and Knit Wit, Boulder, CO.
PAGE 41:
Left: Dress from selected Benetton/Sisley stores. Sweatshirt from J. Crew 1-800-562-0258. Right: Pullover from Warehouse stores. Jacket from Dosa, NYC and San Francisco. Shorts from selected department and specialty stores.
PAGE 42:
Dress from J. Morgan Puett, NYC—Call (212) 274-9485. Top and leggings from Barneys Co-op, NYC; Yaso, NYC; Bullock's, and Fred Segal, CA.
PAGE 44:
Top, right: Bathing suit from J. Crew 1-800-562-0258. Bottom, right: Top from Bloomingdale's; Dillard's; and CWT. Shorts from selected Benetton/Sisley stores. Dress from Merry Go Round stores.
PAGE 45:
Sweater from I. Magnin; Metamorphosis, St. James, NY. Wrestling suit from J. Crew 1-800-562-0258.

BURN BABY
PAGE 58:
Dress from Merry Go Round stores.
PAGE 59:
Bikini from Trash & Vaudeville, NYC and PA; Macy's, NYC; and Fred Segal, LA. Shorts from selected Benetton stores.
PAGE 60:
Catsuit from Trash & Vaudeville, NYC and PA; Macy's; selected stores; and Fuga, all stores.
PAGE 61:
Bustier from Nordstrom, all stores; Macy's, NYC; and Fred Segal, LA. Shorts from Venetian Paradise (213) 399-8109.
PAGE 62:
Top and shorts from selected department and specialty stores.
PAGE 63:
Coat from Lord and Taylor; and Macy's.

CALL THE SASSY HOTLINE! Remember to get your parent's permission first. Limit two calls per week. Call cost is $2.00 1st minute, $1.00 each additional minute. Call: 1-900-847-2779—1-900-TG SASSY.

NATURAL GLOW®
by FLAME GLOW®
Natural Glow uses recycled materials for packaging and displays. Our products are not tested on animals.


New
FRESH SQUEEZED
Lip Gloss
• Great shine. Great taste.
• Three cool ways to apply.
• Inspired by the fresh-squeezed taste of natural fruit.

we wear it

romantic

My boyish figure has allowed me to get away with wearing minimalist underthings—little cotton tank tops and the like. Simplicity is my motto. So imagine my horror at the sight of this Maidenform Heartstrings bra, a slightly padded number with ribbons, lace and an underwire. But I have to admit it was kind of fun to wear. It has a push-up effect, like in a '50s movie. I guess there's a little Brigitte Bardot in all of us. **Jessica**

supportive

The chick from Olga delicately called my Shimmerlilies #33007 underwire 36C "supportive enough to 'do the job right' for someone a little bustier." How flattering. But even though this bra is indeed mega-hydraulic, it's really comfortable. And, miracle of miracles, the straps lie at the perfect place on your shoulders so that they don't slip down your arms. Yahoo. The only problem is that it's very high-cut, so you can't wear it under V-necks and stuff. **Margie**

small

When Christina saw the stretchy Warner's pull-on bra (style 2014) sitting on my desk, she pointed and began to cackle annoyingly. "Look! It's a training bra!" she shrieked. I'm at my bustiest 32A only when I'm PMS-bloated, so this little number is perfect for us don't-usually-wear-a-bra gals to put on under revealing T-shirts. And unlike real training bras, it doesn't ride up under your armpits. **Mary**

to jump up and down in

Next to my naked, sweaty skin, my unwashed, right-out-of-the-box Jogbra Sports Bra was quite itchy. But that's a small criticism (easily remedied by a trip to the laundromat) of an otherwise exemplary piece of equipment. Super-strong cups keep bouncing to a minimum, no irritating seams go across my oh-so-delicate nipples and the straps still haven't gotten stretched out (I hate that). **Karen**

festive colors

Bras are my life. Lots of other girls whine about underwires, but I rather like 'em. They keep you from sagging, make for a perky silhouette and really aren't as uncomfortable as all that. Gitano's Intimates Pure Cotton Underwire is no exception. And it comes in a lighthearted multicolor floral print—a real departure for a girl whose lingerie color range usually doesn't deviate from the holy trinity of black, beige and white. **Kim**

BRAS GALORE

soft

I know, I know. They say the grass is always greener.... Let's just say I've always wanted a bigger lawn. Horticultural metaphors aside, Jockey For Her's Soft Knit Conventional Daywear Bra is indeed very soft, fits like a glove, is always an untold pleasure and works perfectly if you're on the flatter side. It's very plain, very simple, very bra-like. The boys may not come a-howlin', but it does the job. **Amy**

extreme laciness

Like Jessica, I prefer my bras as plain as possible. And like Kim, I enjoy the support of underwire. Maidenform's Rendezvous Underwire feels like a dream and gives me a nice lift, if I do say so myself. It's so lacy, though, I have to wear it under heavier fabrics or the pattern shows right through. Lace fanciers may well find it flawless, but not me, alas. A shame—it was almost my perfect bra. Like the perfect guy, however, those are hard to come by. **Mary Kaye**

photography: enis sefersah hair: alberto guzman for john frieda salons

SALON SELECTIVES®
FROM HELENE CURTIS

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LIKE YOU JUST STEPPED OUT OF A SALON.

WITH SALON SELECTIVES YOU SELECT YOUR PERSONAL LEVEL OF SHAMPOO 1 3 4 5 7. YOUR TYPE OF CONDITIONER B H S P M. USED TOGETHER THEY WORK EVEN BETTER TO GIVE YOU SALON BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

THE CLAIROL® SASSIEST GIRL IN AMERICA

Traditions are comforting. So aren't you reassured to hear that it's time once again for Clairol's Sassiest Girl in America Contest? To enter the 1992 version, name 10 things you'd change if you were Queen of the World. Sit back, let the alpha waves flow from your brain and crank out a list of much-needed additions and improvements to life on this planet. As the all-powerful one, you might decree that everyone learn five languages, that all of Australia become an endangered species preserve (sorry, Neill, Jaz and Anne L.), that all teachers wear go-go boots to work one day out of the year and so on. You may communicate your royal wishes to us in any form you like: Compose a song and send us the tape, use interpretive origami or just shave a humble list into the back of your brother's head. Then you have to do some more stuff. Write half a page or so about yourself, telling us your major achievements, your best and worst qualities and the like. Also tell us what you'd do with the $5,000 prize booty, and who you'd give the $2,500 charity money to. Next, hunt down some photos of your lovely self—one head-to-toe shot and one from the neck up (in color and in focus, please). Jam all of this into an envelope; include some basic info like your name, birthdate, grade, address and phone number; then go practice your curtsy technique.

Just think, you too can be Queen of the World without all those tiresome cabinet meetings and tiara fittings. Enter Clairol's Sassiest Girl in America Contest this very moment.

Come September, six finalists (along with their favorite adult-type chaperones) will spend three glorious, event-crammed days in New York City hanging with the *Sassy* staff. We'll tell childhood stories over knishes and gourmet meals and take crazed taxi rides together. You'll get a Clairol makeover and a heap of Clairol products. Then you'll hold court with a panel of expert minions (including Jane) who will choose the Queen of the World (aka Clairol's Sassiest Girl in America) and maybe dance a minuet of joy in her honor.

PARTICIPATING SPONSOR

This contest is open to young women aged 13 to 19 living in the U.S. or Canada. The contest is subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Liability for federal, state and other taxes imposed on the prizes is the sole responsibility of the winners. Offer void in states where prohibited by law. Entry constitutes permission to use entrant's name, voice, likeness and photograph for editorial, public relations, promotional and advertising purposes in all media on behalf of Sassy Publishers Inc. Finalists will be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release within ten (10) days of notification. If finalist is a minor, parental consent, an affidavit and a release will be required. All decisions of the judges are final. Prizes are not exchangeable or transferable. All entries remain the property of *Sassy* Magazine and cannot be returned. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late, incomplete or misdirected mail. Employees of Sassy Publishers Inc., Clairol Inc., Speidel Division of Textron Inc., Merry Go Round Enterprises, their employees, agents, affiliates, subsidiaries and families are not eligible. Darn.

PARTICIPATING SPONSOR

Speidel
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Express Yourself™

CONTEST

The bestowing of prizes: Clairol will generously give Her Royal Highness $5,000 with which to further her sassiness, and $2,500 to donate to one or more char-

ities. HRH will also receive a $1,500 gift certificate from Merry Go Round and a wardrobe of seven Speidel bracelets, including a nifty diamond-accented number. Oh, and she gets to grace the January cover of *Sassy*. The five runners-up will be beheaded. Just kidding. They will each get a $100 gift certificate from Merry Go Round and a set of prince and princess

(okay, his and hers) classic Speidel ID bracelets, and the faces of all the runners-up will get plenty of coverage inside the January issue. What more could a girl want? So abandon all chores, take-home essays and boyfriends (for a little while), and enter our contest. Make sure we receive your entry by August 10. Send it to *Clairol's SGIA Contest, c/o Sassy,* 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169.

Bye now.

by karen

help for him

a girl came on to me

I'm a 17-year-old guy and I just went on my first date. It was with a girl I thought was really nice. We had a great time, but when I started to get out of the car to walk her to her door, she pulled me back in and started coming on to me like a rabbit in heat! I got so scared I just froze. Is something wrong with me? **Worried**

Apart from that "rabbit in heat" reference, you sound fine to me. In fact, when given adequate doses of truth syrum, most people admit that their first dates involved a certain amount of freezing up. What is disturbing is that you seem to think that, despite the fact that you were having a good time with this girl, she is no longer "nice" because she wanted to get a little physical. This is not only untrue, but unfair. Just because you don't want to make out or whatever on a first date, you can't expect other people to automatically know that. So what we have here is a failure to communicate. To clear the air with this girl and with yourself, I say go out with her again. Only this time explain how new you are at this. And be honest about how her, shall we say, advances made you feel the last time you were together. That way you can get comfortable with her and this whole dating thing.

we'll even fix your car

I'm really scared. My 1976 Alfa Romeo won't start. After checking the fuel pump (okay), the ignition (fine), the spark plugs (shiny but wet) and the timing (perfect), I've come to the conclu-

"why won't my alfa start?"

sion that the problem is in the ghastly expensive SPICA fuel injection system. Help me! **Aaron**

P.S. The exhaust smells like gas.

You've pulled into the right garage, my boy. The particular year and make of your Alfa has a cold-start solenoid system, which sprays your engine with extra gas to help it start in cold weather. It sounds like your solenoid is stuck, continually spraying your engine with fuel and flooding it, which explains why it won't start (that also explains the wet plugs and gassy exhaust). Open the hood and remove your air filter canister. See the box near the front of the engine with the two solenoids sticking out of the top (they look sort of like Liquid Paper bottles)? The solenoid nearest the rear of the engine is the culprit. First, pull the wire from its top and tape it out of the way so it's not touching anything metallic. Next, loosen the lock nut at its base until the solenoid spins freely. Keeping track of how many turns it makes, rotate it clockwise until you feel the slightest resistance—around three turns. Now turn it back to its original position, retighten the lock nut, replace your air filter and away you go.

confusing girlfriend

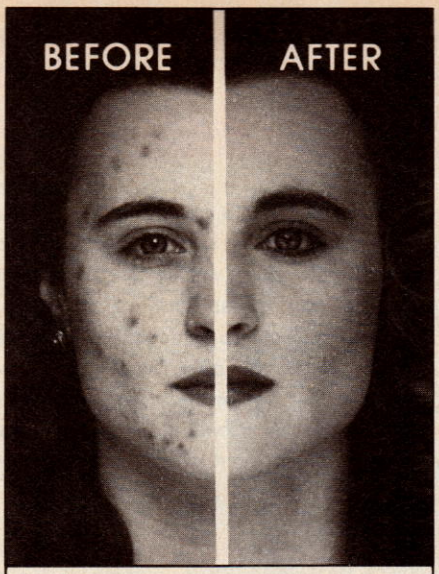
I really love my girlfriend, but there's a problem. I don't know how she feels about me. We live in different cities in the same state. One day I heard she wanted to break up with me. I talked to her about it and she told me it wasn't true. I also heard she liked this guy in her city. I think it's true because she's been acting weird around

"i don't know how my girlfriend feels about me"

me. Every time we talk on the phone she never pays attention to our conversation. I don't want to lose her. What should I do? **Anonymous**

Your letter shows an unusually high level of intuition for a member of your sex, and if there's one thing I know it's that intuition rarely lies. Frankly, it doesn't sound like much of a relationship to start with: different zip codes, distracted phone conversations, at least two stories of your girlfriend's alleged extracurricular activities, lots of worry on your part. Ick. While your conscious mind is understandably telling you not to lose her for fear of being alone or whatever, this way-tuned-in sixth sense of yours is obviously screaming, "Get out!" And while you can ignore your gut feelings for a while, you'd only be putting off the inevitable, and I don't think you've got that kind of time to waste. I sure as heck don't. So ring up this so-called girlfriend of yours, only this time she'd better be paying attention, 'cause you're calling it quits.

SEND YOUR SAGA TO KAREN, HELP FOR HIM, SASSY, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10169. TOGETHER WITH DR. WALTER ROSENFELD, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PEDIATRICS AT THE ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE/MONTEFIORE MEDICAL CENTER, SHE'LL DO HER BEST TO HELP OUT.



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Nothing else compares with Cabot's® Clear Perfection Cover Creme...not even nature.

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CABOT

THE VITAMIN E PEOPLE

Central Islip, NY 11722

by anne b.

help

what?

Recently I've been seeing warnings about noise causing deafness. I am forever listening to music, and now I'm afraid I'm hurting my ears without knowing it. What number on my volume knob is safe to listen to? **Fearing the loss of hearing**

"is loud music hurting my ears?"

Quick test: If the music's on and you have to shout for someone else to hear you, the volume is too cranked—also if your ears hurt or ring during or after you're listening, or you're slightly deaf for a few hours afterward. Over time, exposure to blasting music permanently destroys the nerve endings in the inner ear (the main reason why you can hear). To protect your hearing: Wear spongy earplugs to concerts and clubs; don't sit right next to the speakers, either at home or at a concert; and forget using a Walkman while exercising, because that combo has also been linked to hearing loss. Unfortunately, I can't give you a safe volume number, since every stereo has a different amount of power. (And now excuse me while I go turn down my radio.)

ovarian cysts

My two friends were diagnosed with having cysts on their ovaries. One of them says that it's from using tampons. What causes them, and can you prevent yourself from getting one? **Anonymous**

Ovarian cysts are NOT, NOT, NOT caused by tampons. They're pretty common and alas, there's really nothing you can do to prevent them. They develop when a follicle (which holds the ovaries) grows large but does not rupture and release an egg. Though you may not get any signals at all that you've developed a cyst, some potential symptoms are a change in your menstrual cycle, discomfort in your lower abdomen, pain during intercourse and abdominal swelling. Most cysts disappear on their own. Those that don't are usually benign, but may have to be surgically removed, along with part or all of the ovary. But again, don't start hyperventilating—those are very rare instances.

friend is always lying

I have a friend who's a chronic liar. I hate it because I never know if she's telling the truth. She's always making up stories to impress me. I've talked to her about it but nothing seems to work. I care about my friend and want to help her. What should I do? **Concerned in Kearns**

One theory floating around says that compulsive lying has to do with self-esteem. In wanting to be liked, accepted, etc., your friend probably started off with occasional small lies to impress people. When it worked, she came up with more, maybe bigger lies to get more attention. Now she just can't stop. Your friend should talk with her parents about finding a therapist, who will help her develop a sense of self-worth. And congrats for not dumping her as a friend; your support tells her you like her for her, not for her close, personal friendship with Jordan Knight or impending Nobel Prize for physics.

menstrual bonding with mom

For a long time I haven't told my mother I've gotten my period. I'm in 7th grade, and I'm very, very shy. What do you say? Tell me the easiest way. **Desperate**

Well, you're off to a good start because you want to tell your mom. When having a uterus seems like a hassle, your mother can be your greatest ally. She can find doctors and arrange gyno exams, she can buy and share feminine products, but most importantly, she can provide crucial information. She has a body that is genetically a lot like yours, and she can empathize with the changes that yours is going through. So how do you start talking? Find a really good book that discusses menstruation (like The New Our Bodies, Ourselves*) and leave a note in that section asking your mom if she's up for discussing it. Then you guys can use the book as a neutral starting point. It may feel weird, and you may have to giggle a little, but do it.*

"how do i tell my mom i got my period?"

Anne B.** is back (with **Dr. Sylvia Hacker**, **Associate Professor of Human Sexuality at the University of Michigan**) to solve your problems. Write to her at **Help, Sassy, 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169.

by andrea and karen

zits and stuff

tanner, please

My skin is so white that I look like a ghost or like I have no blood! My doctor suggested I drink carrot juice every day to get some color. Unfortunately, it turned my stomach. Whenever I try to tan in the sun I end up burning. How can I get some color in an easy, pleasant way? Please help. **Karen "ghost"**

Our Mary feels morally, professionally, politically and socially obligated to point out the boundless beauty of untanned skin. So you should consider yourself lucky that you burn; hopefully that will be incentive enough to keep you from lying around soaking up those cancerous rays all summer. If all you want is a little color on your face and neck, you could try using a tinted moisturizer (like Cover Girl Summer Glow). If you're hankering for all-over brownness, consider fake tanning (go ahead and try Bain de Soleil Sunless Tanning Cream for Fair Skin), but avoid tanning salons and pills like the plague they are. P.S. A semi-formal Sassy office poll revealed that 9 out of 10 staffers don't care for the taste of squeezed carrots either.

"i'm too pale"
"i'm too tan"

paler, please

I have tan skin. I think that it looks really goofy with all my clothes. Is there a way that I can be whiter? I'm trying absolutely everything. HELP! **Tanned and terrible**

If you hadn't noticed, we're trying to make a point here by running Little Miss Too Pale right before Little Miss Too Tan, the idea being that unless you're Sinead O'Connor, people do tend to want what they haven't got. If your skin is dark genetically, there's not a lot you can do to lighten it. And even if there were a way to really make your skin pale, we'd be tempted not to tell you about it because we truly believe everybody looks best sporting their natural skin color. If you're merely overtanned, get yourself some sunscreen (at least SPF 15) and sit in the shade until your tan fades (a week or two, tops). In either case, you might want to get into wearing white clothes, which happen to look ultra next to dark skin.

fluffier hair tricks

My hair is long, straight, all one length and heavy. This creates a flat, boring look. Can you tell me a way to add more volume and waves without using chemicals or cutting my hair drastically? **Anonymous**

One great way to add height without losing length or adding manufactured substances is to get your hairdresser to snip wisps around your face and thin out some, but not all, of the thickness of a lock of hair with special scissors called thinning shears. Another clever trick is to get her/him to shape your hair by cutting into the ends a little so you don't have such a blunt, pyramid-like situation. We're not sure if this counts as chemicals or not, but a little mousse (try Paul Mitchell Sculpting Foam) worked through the roots on top will help add body and hold too.

"how can i add volume to my hair without chemicals?"

RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU REALLY, HONESTLY DON'T HAVE A QUESTION FOR US. LIAR. SEND YOUR BEAUTY QUERIES TO ZITS AND STUFF, SASSY, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10169. THANKS TO THIS MONTH'S LITTLE HELPERS: HAIRDRESSER AND ALL-AROUND GREAT GUY, RODNEY GROVES AND DR. DIANA BIHOVA.

NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE

IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED ABOUT FEMININE FRESHNESS

Carry Massengill® Soft Cloth Towelettes with you for external feminine cleansing. Use them every day to feel really fresh and clean—especially during and after your period. And they're great for freshening up after exercise or before going out. Each packet is individually wrapped and has a super-soft, clothlike towelette inside, pre-moistened for feminine freshness. They're simple, easy to use, and wipe out odor. You'll never want to be without them.

Trust Massengill for today's really fresh ideas.

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by kim

pop quiz

ARE YOU AN ANNOYANCE?

Do people see you and run screaming in the other direction? Take this quiz and find out if you're as irritating as humanly possible.

1. Which word would best describe your laugh?
a. Shrill
b. Hearty
c. Loud

2. Complete the following sentence. "Burping in public is..."
a. "Unfortunate, but sometimes necessary."
b. "Deeply disgusting and gross."
c. "Very clever, endearing and funny, especially if it's me who's doing it."

3. When you join in on a conversation that's already in progress, do you:
a. Attempt to pick up on the gist of what's being talked about in a quiet, unobtrusive manner?
b. Barge your way into the interchange by repeating, "Who? Huh? What are you talking about?"
c. Wait for an opportune break in the discussion to politely ask what's being talked about?

4. Are you fond of talking loudly in movie theaters?
a. Yes, and everyone should be grateful for my running cinematic commentary.
b. It's not a regular trait, but I've done it.
c. No way. That's strictly for sub-humans.

5. While listening to your Walkman, are you ever possessed by the urge to sing out loud?
a. How embarrassing. No.
b. All the time. I have a great voice.
c. All the time. I have a terrible voice.

6. How many of the following habits do you engage in on a typical day?
1. Cracking your knuckles.
2. Popping your gum.
3. Snapping the elastic in your braces. 4. Leaving your retainer in full view on the tray during lunch period.
a. none
b. one or two
c. three or four

7. Does the practice of whining strike you as:
a. Equivalent to fingernails on a blackboard?
b. A useful tool for getting what you want?
c. A sometimes comforting activity to engage in?

8. Are you always taking food off of other people's plates?
a. Yes, and I rarely ask—or care—whether the other person minds.
b. Only with people I know intimately, and I always ask permission first.
c. No, that's gross and a bit rude. And, for the record, I hate when people try to do it to me.

9. Can you take no for an answer?
a. No.
b. Sure.
c. It depends on the situation, frankly.

10. Do you often find yourself correcting people's grammar?
a. Occasionally.
b. Well, some people's grammar begs for it!
c. Never. How presumptuous.

11. Which of these questions crops up most in your daily conversation?
a. "Am I fat?"
b. "How are you?"
c. "I don't know, what do *you* want to do?"

12. Do you go through other people's lockers, diaries, wallets and/or drawers?
a. Yes, routinely.
b. Ick, never.
c. Only if I think there's something really, really interesting and incriminating involved.

13. How frequently do you complain about things that are completely out of your control, like the weather or getting a flat tire on your bike?
a. Well, everybody does from time to time, like once a day.
b. I do this hourly, I admit it.
c. I never do. How inconsiderate that would be to those around me.

14. Do you consider the practice of cutting into lines:
a. Flat out rude and wrong?
b. Necessary sometimes?
c. Your right as a superior human being?

15. How many wedgies have you given in your life?
a. None, ever.
b. A couple.
c. Countless trillions.

trust us:

1. a. 2 b. 0 c. 1
2. a. 1 b. 0 c. 2
3. a. 0 b. 2 c. 1
4. a. 2 b. 1 c. 0
5. a. 0 b. 1 c. 2
6. a. 0 b. 1 c. 2
7. a. 0 b. 2 c. 1
8. a. 2 b. 1 c. 0
9. a. 2 b. 0 c. 1
10. a. 1 b. 2 c. 0
11. a. 2 b. 0 c. 1
12. a. 3 b. 0 c. 2
13. a. 1 b. 2 c. 0
14. a. 0 b. 1 c. 2
15. a. 0 b. 1 c. 2

take our word for it:

31-21 You could get on a brick wall's nerves. Why do you insist on being such a pest so often? Is it out of nervousness, or a deep-seated desire to be liked and paid attention to? Or maybe you just don't realize that all the stuff you're doing is deeply buggy. But you know it now, right? So get with the program. Stop flatulating, snorting, shrieking, screaming, whining and kvetching. And get out of here.

20-10 Most everyone is an irritatant from time to time, so don't take it so hard if you fall into this category. But let's face it: You can be a bit of a pain in the butt. You're probably a little bit oblivious to this tendency, but its true. Why not attempt to be marginally less of a weenie by following our helpful hints? Barge in a little less often. Think before you grab. Keep your nasality to a minimum. Don't you feel more pleasant already?

9-0 The person who scores this low has absolutely no peeving qualities. You do not experience public eruptions from any bodily orifices, you are unfailingly polite and courteous, you always wipe the pee sprinkles from the seat, you do not whine. You are a delight to be around and a wonderful person in every way. And *that* makes you very annoying.

Next Month: How health-conscious are you?

You've scheduled your month, but your body may have other plans.

Fortunately, there's colorful new Carefree® Teens pantyliners. They're lightly absorbent, when a little layer of protection is all you need. So if your body has any surprises for you, you'll be prepared. Like when your period shows up early. Or when you notice that uncomfortable feeling from occasional discharge.

Carefree Teens are for all those times when a little layer of freshness can really make a difference.

They have cool designs and are wrapped in tiny packages even smaller than your blush. So they go where you go, in your bag or your pocket.

Now, no matter what plans your body has, they won't interfere with yours.

Feel a lot fresher with a little Carefree.

what he said

WHAT'S THE MOST HORRID THING YOU EVER DID TO YOUR SISTER?

We did our usual cross-country poll o' boys and got answers ranging from "set her Barbie's feet on fire" to "held her down and drooled on her." Darn inventive. But nothing compares to what our brothers did to us.

andy

Our executive ed Mary Kaye's film student sib, who lists *Vertigo* and *The Third Man* among his fave movies, had no trouble recalling a charming bit of

behavior. "When I was eight, I threw all her belongings out the window. Clothes, records, everything. And we lived on the 10th floor. She had to go down and get everything. I didn't have to. I was the baby." Why'd he do it? "I guess I felt a need for attention." Baby.

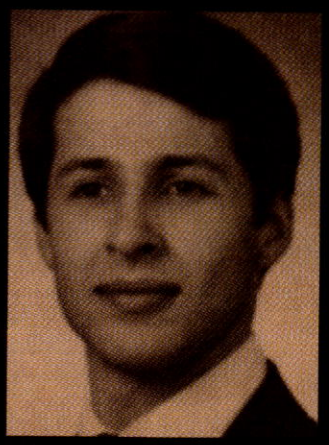
dan

Jessica's big bro just got his PhD in English and is going to teach in Cairo, Egypt this fall. He had many entertaining tales of torment; it was difficult picking only one. (The runner-up, "an obsessive form of cruelty," involved the face of Jess's beloved stuffed llama and a lot of sharp, sharp pencils.) "I was in sixth grade. She was in first. I took the belt from my bathrobe and made a noose. Then I hanged Jessica's Raggedy Andy from her bedpost and started punching it. But I hit it so hard the body went flying off the head. I knew I would have to pay for my transgression, so I tried to Scotch-tape the head back to the body and I hoped she wouldn't notice." But she did. "Brattica

[an affectionate nickname, I'm sure] ran screaming to Mom and Dad as usual. She was always a tattletale."

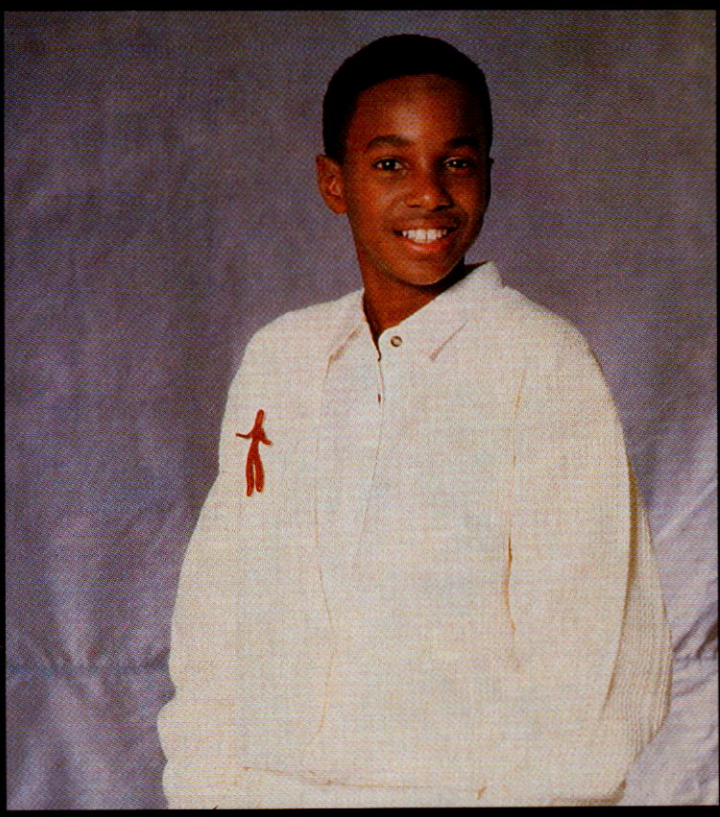
hill

This alert-looking young exec is handsome Hill Pratt, big bro of you-know-who. His little story of snakiness involves a business venture, appropriately enough, since he's now a business consultant in scenic Cleveland. "We started this T-shirt-printing business together when she was 14 and I was 16. I negotiated a very lucrative contract with a high school and sort of cut her out of it. I paid her $15 an hour when I was making, like, $100 an hour. We also



hired my younger siblings for way less than minimum wage." Anything else? "Well, punching her. But that's boring."

Next month: Are big breasts more attractive, or doesn't it matter? And send boy after boy to Margie, What He Said, Sassy, 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169.



tevin

Fourteen-year-old Tevin Campbell is a talented little devil, touted from here to Timbuktu as the next Michael Jackson, in spite of having his own God-given nose. He sings on the soundtrack to the new movie *Boyz N the Hood* and was in Prince's *Graffiti Bridge* (his performance of "round and round" was the lame film's highlight). When he's not working on his solo album, he likes to do things with computers. His sister Marché is five years bigger, stronger and older, so he's limited in how viciously he can treat her. He says, "I hit her with a notebook. But I still love her."

andy

Two editors here have younger brothers named Andy. How wacky. This precious darling sweetie pie (my teeth are gritted) is my college student/actor bro. He says in a saintly way, "I was never horrible to my sister." Liar, liar, pants on fire. "Well, I used to taunt her. I had this chant—it imitated our uncle Jack singing to her in an annoying Boston accent. It went 'Mahhhgie, Mahhhgie, Mahhhgie.' I'd sit next to her bed while she was sleeping and sing it really quietly into her ear, over and over, until she woke up and tried to hit me." You cannot imagine how annoying it was. He's lucky he survived till adulthood.

by andrea and karen

what next

ALMOST TIME

Mostly-brown wool patchwork blazer, $100, by JouJou.

Different-shades-of-blue wool blanket coat, $140, by Esprit.

Top: Suede sneaker-brogues, $60, by Reebok.
Bottom: Walkers, $45, by British Knights.

Everything-in-it fuzzy knapsack, $48, by Urban Outfitters. Comfy long-sleeved tee, $16, by Palmetto's. Green jeans, $60, by Guess?.

Not to bum you out or anything, but the "S" word is creeping up on you. It's okay, though. Expend some eyesight on this preview of what's in store clothing-wise for back to school and we promise it'll still be summer when you're done.

Rugby socks, $5 a pair, by K. Bell.

Khaki desert boots, $40, by Keds. Tights by K. Bell.

Flannel shortalls, $42, by Cherokee. Top, $24, by EDC by Esprit. Tights by K. Bell. Sandals by Na Na.

Wool tartan bomber jacket, $76, by Palmetto's. Black top, $24, by EDC by Esprit. Shorts, $38, by Necessary Objects. Tights by K. Bell.

photography: enis sefersah hair & makeup: azuma for pipino-buccneri model: panyvee

Sassy in
"More fun than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick!" —Karen Catchpole
"I laughed, I cried, I couldn't stop playing!" —Jane Pratt
"Playing this game makes me feel like I've finally arrived!" —Christina Kelly
photograph: eric weeks

A SPECIAL *SASSY* PROMOTION

a BOX

"I'm still not sure how I survived before there was this game..."
—Andrea Lee Linett
The Sassy EXPERIENCE
Sassy
THE 36 THINGS THIS MODEL DID TO GET ON OUR COVER

Okay, we're not exactly unbiased sources, but neither are you. So what? Go get into **The Sassy Experience** game (brought to you by the thrill-producers at International Games) with your friends and find out just how sassy you really are. You'll learn things about your buds you never knew before and reveal things about yourself you never thought you would. The Sassy Experience lets you give and get advice, act, test yourself and answer questions stripped right out of the pages of your favorite magazine (ours, of course). The first one to achieve maximum sassiness—brains, talent, awareness, love, confidence, energy—wins.

The Sassy Experience: You'll be closer to your friends than when you started. We know. We played.

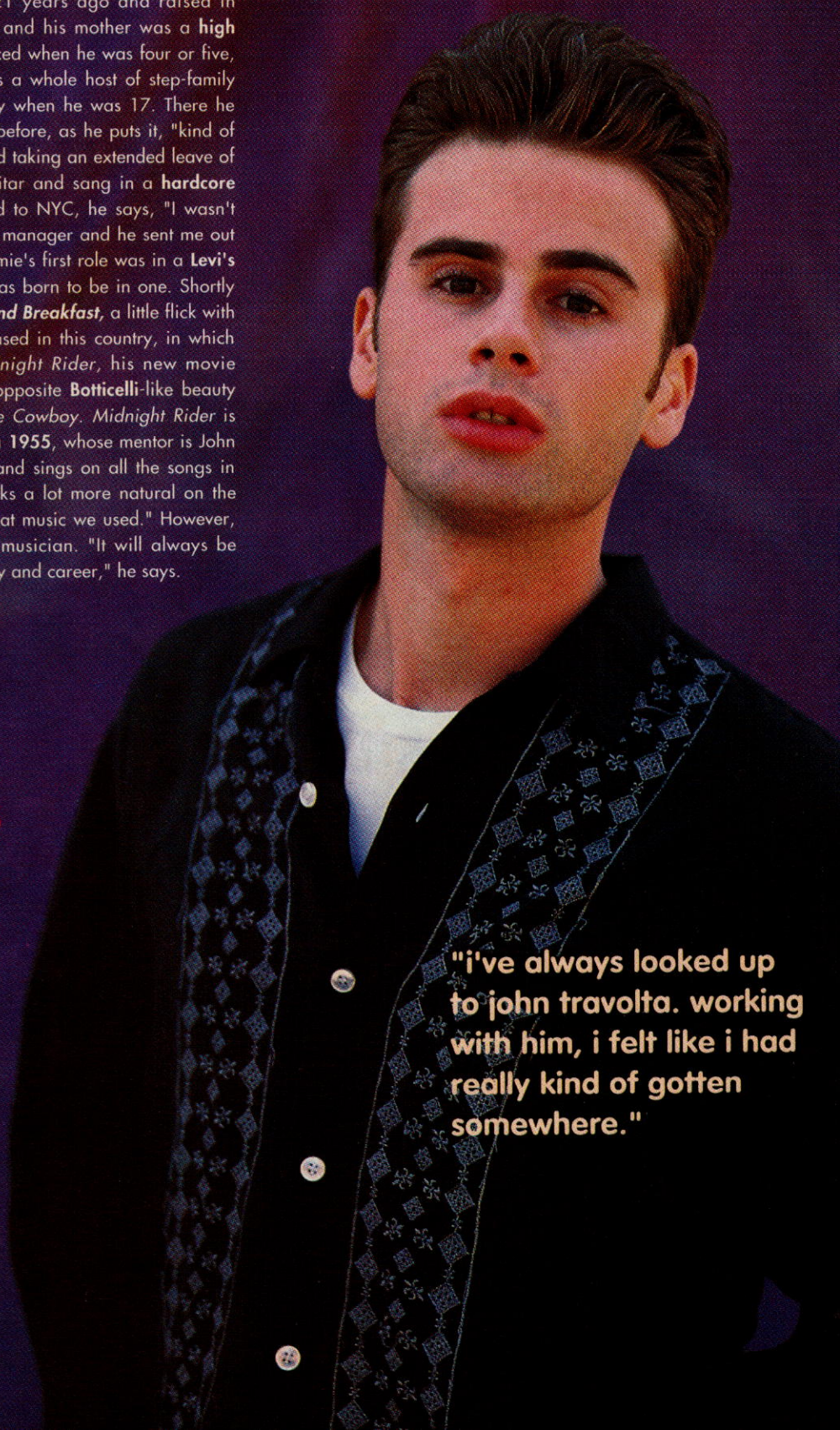
A PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL GAMES

by christina

one to watch

Can getting into show business really be as effortless as Jamie Walters makes it sound? The actor was born 21 years ago and raised in **Boston,** where his father was a lawyer and his mother was a **high school counselor.** His parents were divorced when he was four or five, and they both later remarried, so he has a whole host of step-family members. Jamie moved to New York City when he was 17. There he attended **NYU** film school for two years, before, as he puts it, "kind of starting to get into this acting business and taking an extended leave of absence." At that time Jamie played guitar and sang in a **hardcore band** called House. When he first moved to NYC, he says, "I wasn't into acting at all. I met a guy who was a manager and he sent me out on auditions. I just got thrown into it." Jamie's first role was in a **Levi's commercial**—and he does look like he was born to be in one. Shortly after that he landed his first movie, ***Bed and Breakfast,*** a little flick with Roger Moore and Talia Shire never released in this country, in which Jamie plays a **rebellious type.** In *Midnight Rider,* his new movie musical, Jamie plays a **rebellious type** opposite **Botticelli**-like beauty **Heather Graham,** who was in *Drugstore Cowboy. Midnight Rider* is about a guy in a rock band (Jamie), circa **1955,** whose mentor is John Travolta's character. Jamie plays guitar and sings on all the songs in the film, for which he is grateful. "It looks a lot more natural on the screen," he says, "and I had a say in what music we used." However, he would not like to be a professional musician. "It will always be something I can keep separate from money and career," he says.

JAMIE WALTERS



"i've always looked up to john travolta. working with him, i felt like i had really kind of gotten somewhere."

ENTER THE LOELLE 1991 INTERNATIONAL MODEL SEARCH

You Could Be Our Next Male or Female Spokesperson!!!

LOELLE

HERE'S WHAT YOU COULD WIN:
1991 CHEVROLET CAVALIER RS CONVERTIBLE
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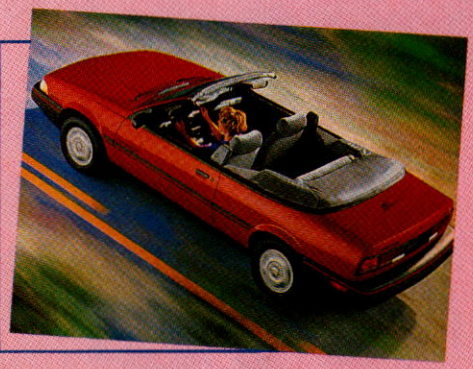

MODEL: (L to R) Lawrence Gaun, Eva La Rue, Kivon Lindley, Henry He; Photography by Kelly Simms; Stylists: Phil Chew-Drama Hair; Designer: Sterling Capricio

HOW TO ENTER:

1. Send Loelle one headshot (with emphasis on face) and one full-length shot of yourself. Please make sure they're in focus, and print your name on the back of each photo.
   IMPORTANT NOTE:
   No photos will be returned. All Photos entered in the LOELLE INTERNATIONAL MODEL SEARCH become LOELLE's property.
2. Complete entry form legibly and completely.
3. Please enclose a $25.00 entry fee (check or money order) made payable to LOELLE.
4. If under 18 years of age, attach a note signed by your parent/guardian stating that you have their permission to enter.
5. All entries are screened and judged by LOELLE's staff (and/or independant experts in the modeling and beauty fields.) Their decisions will be based on professional awareness of the qualities needed to pursue a career in modeling. Judges' decisions are final.
   All semi-finalists will be notified of selections by mail.

Entries Must Be Postmarked No Later Than

SEPTEMBER 30, 1991

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Good Luck With Your Entry!

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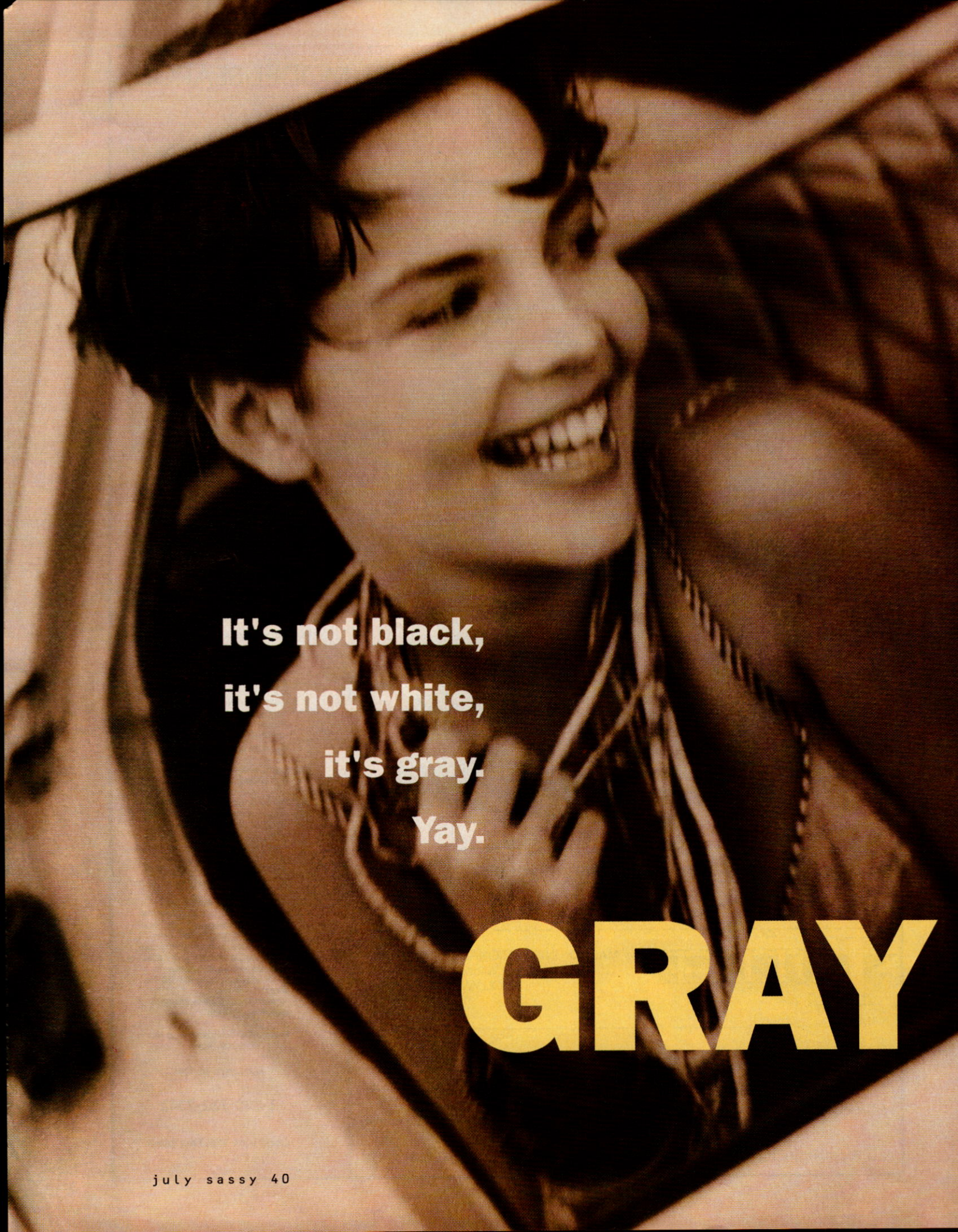
☐ Photographs ☐ $25.00 entry fee (check or money order) payable to LOELLE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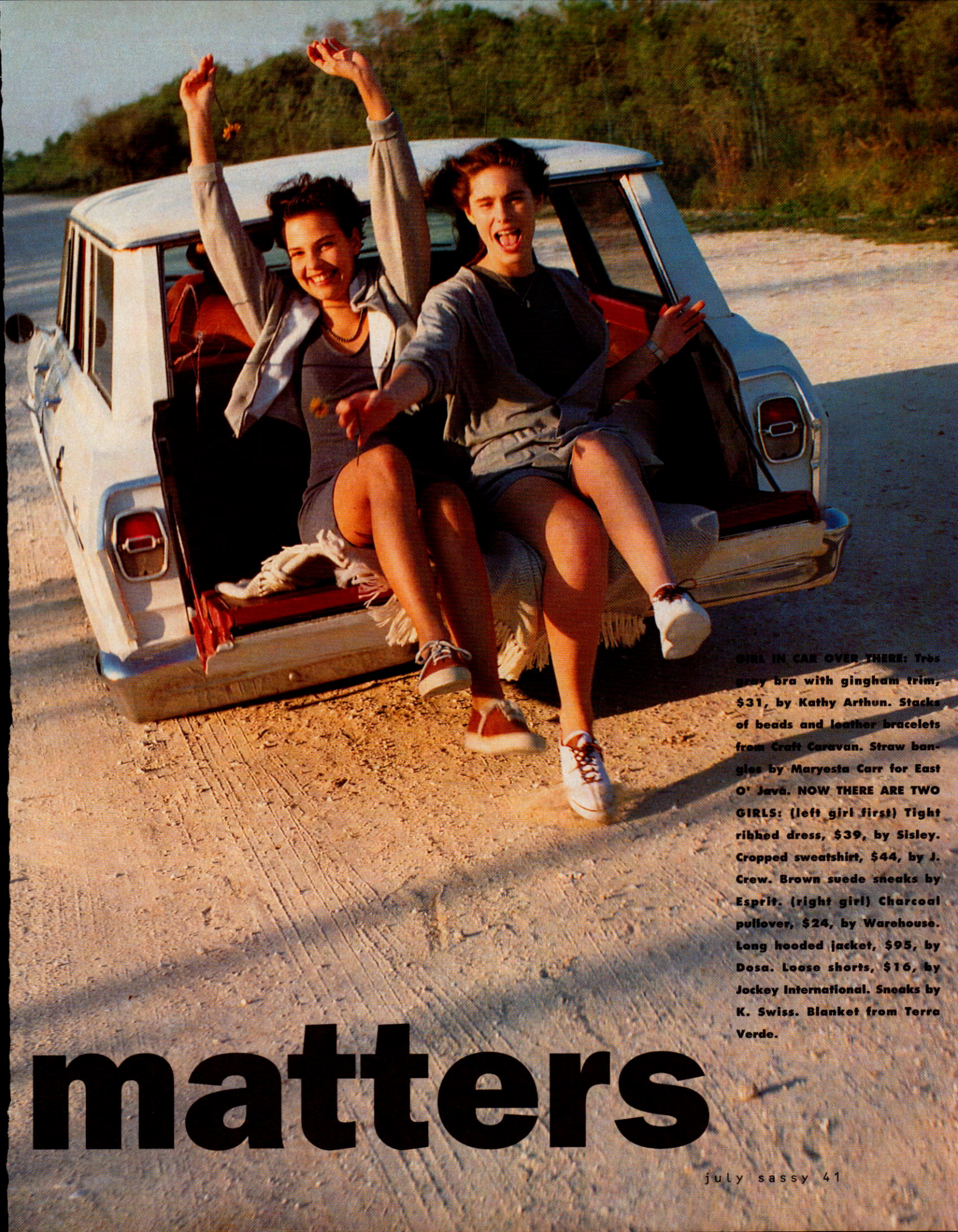
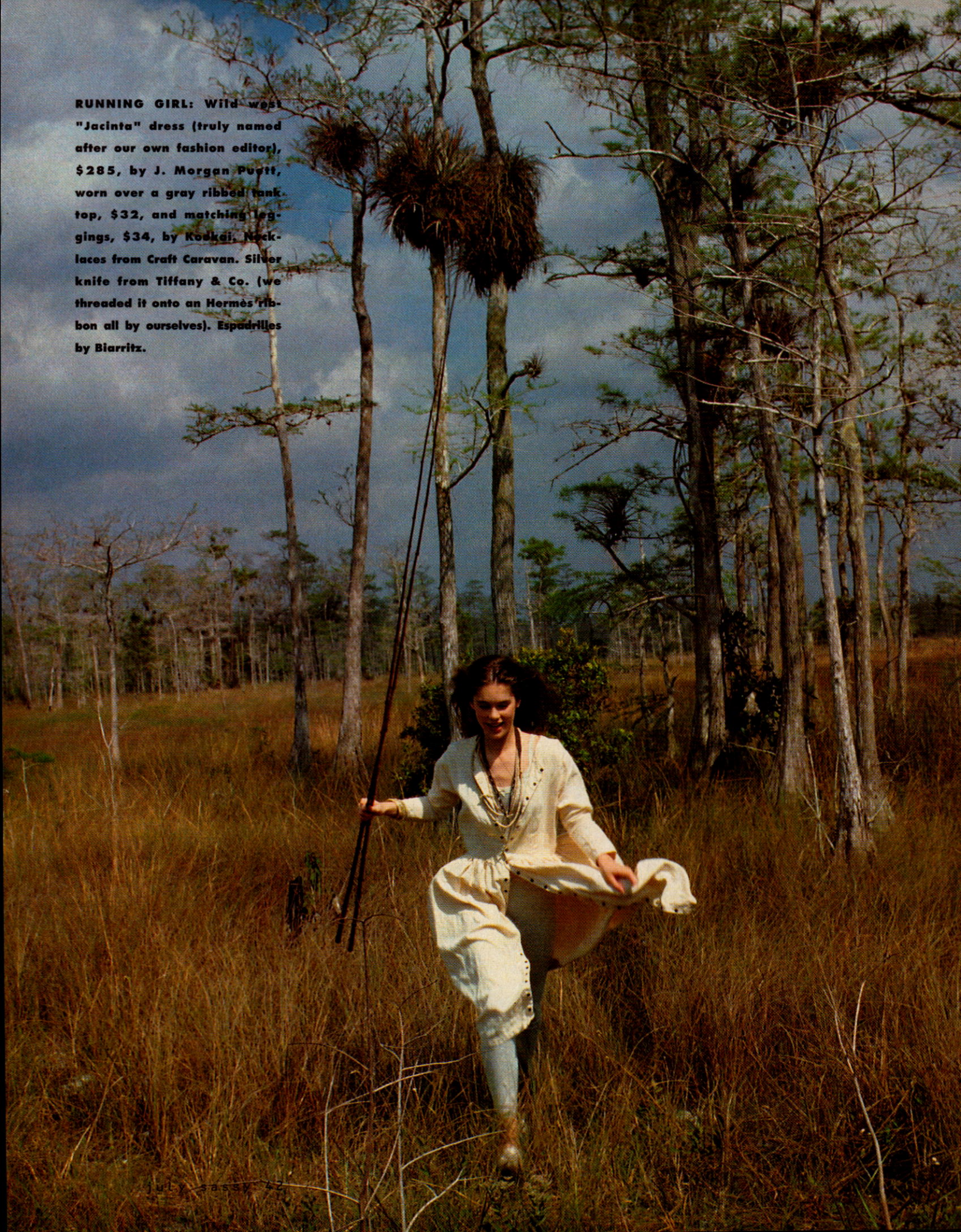
GRAY



GIRL IN CAR OVER THERE: Très sexy bra with gingham trim, $31, by Kathy Arthun. Stacks of beads and leather bracelets from Craft Caravan. Straw bangles by Maryesta Carr for East O' Java. **NOW THERE ARE TWO GIRLS:** (left girl first) Tight ribbed dress, $39, by Sisley. Cropped sweatshirt, $44, by J. Crew. Brown suede sneaks by Esprit. (right girl) Charcoal pullover, $24, by Warehouse. Long hooded jacket, $95, by Dosa. Loose shorts, $16, by Jockey International. Sneaks by K. Swiss. Blanket from Terra Verde.

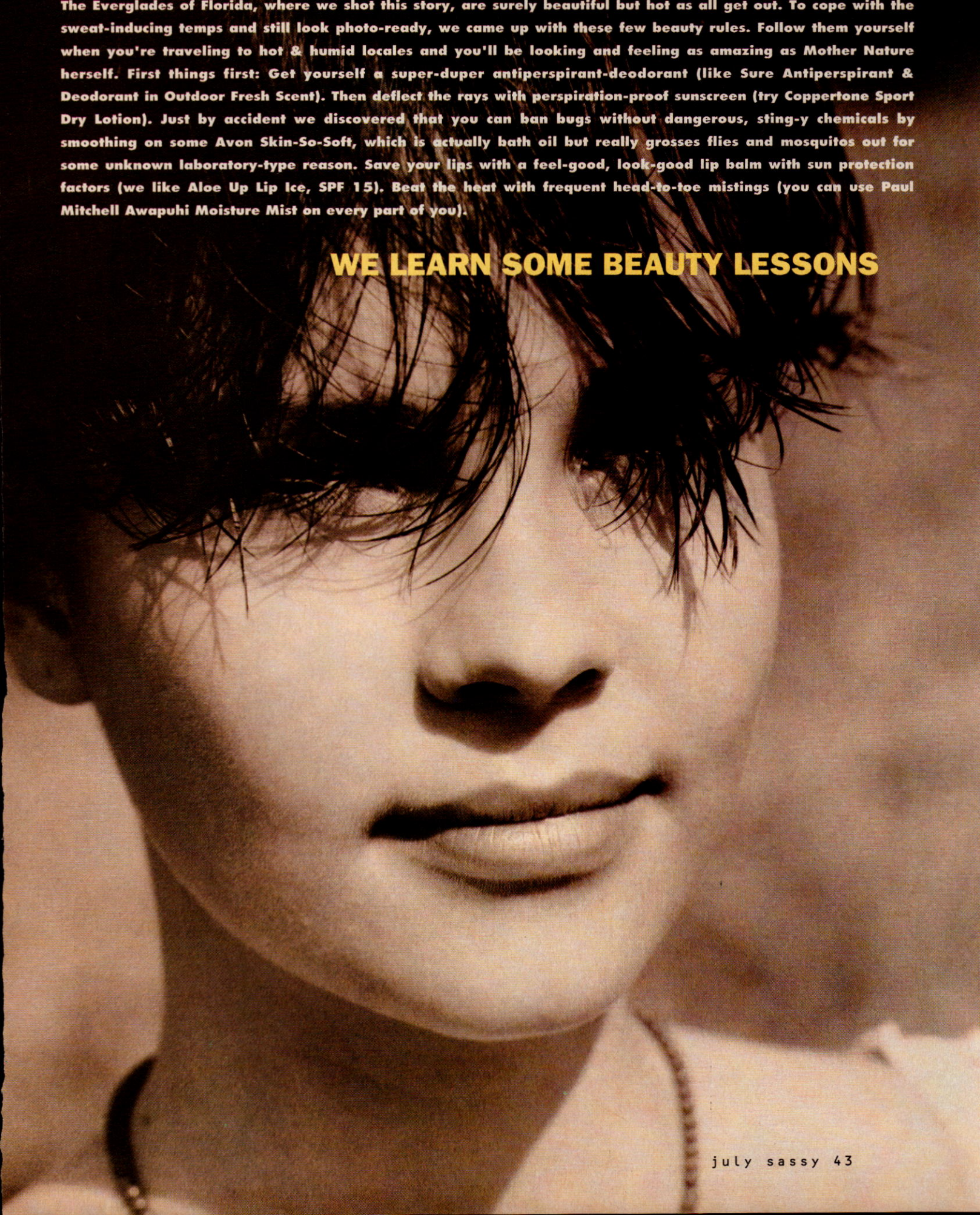
matters

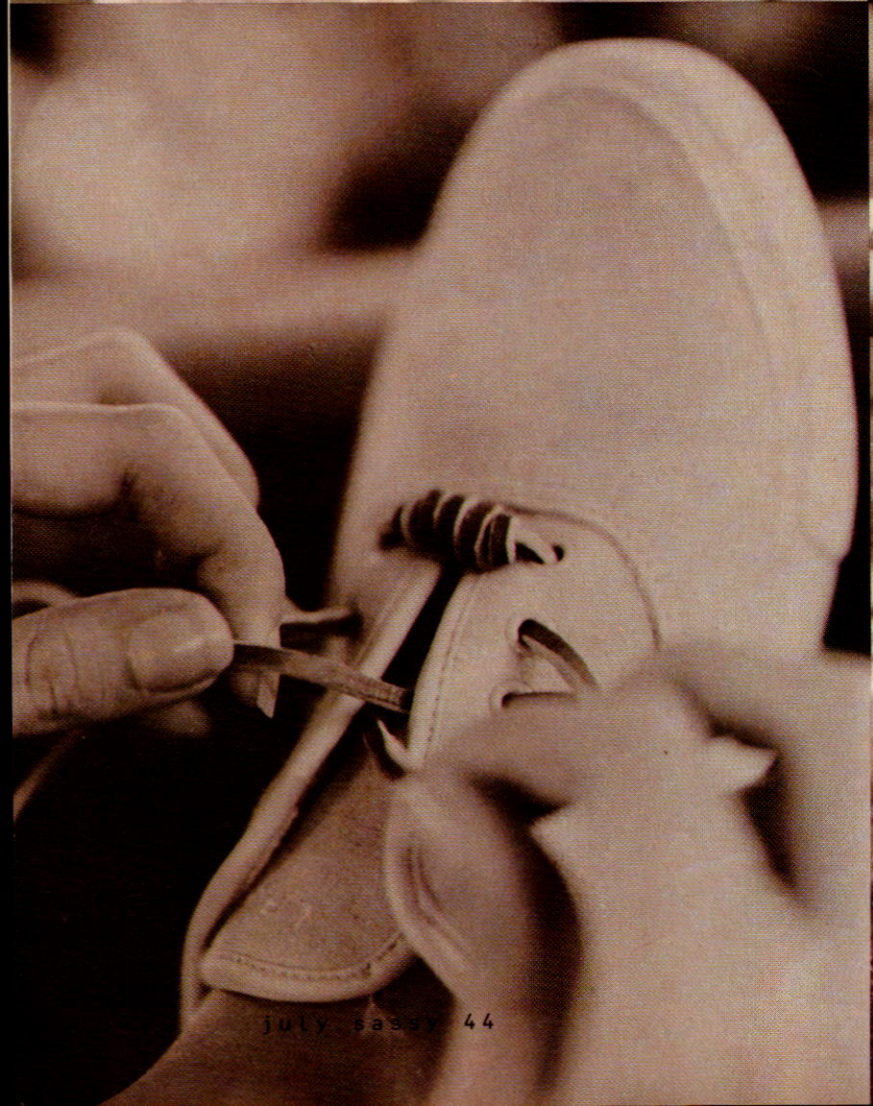


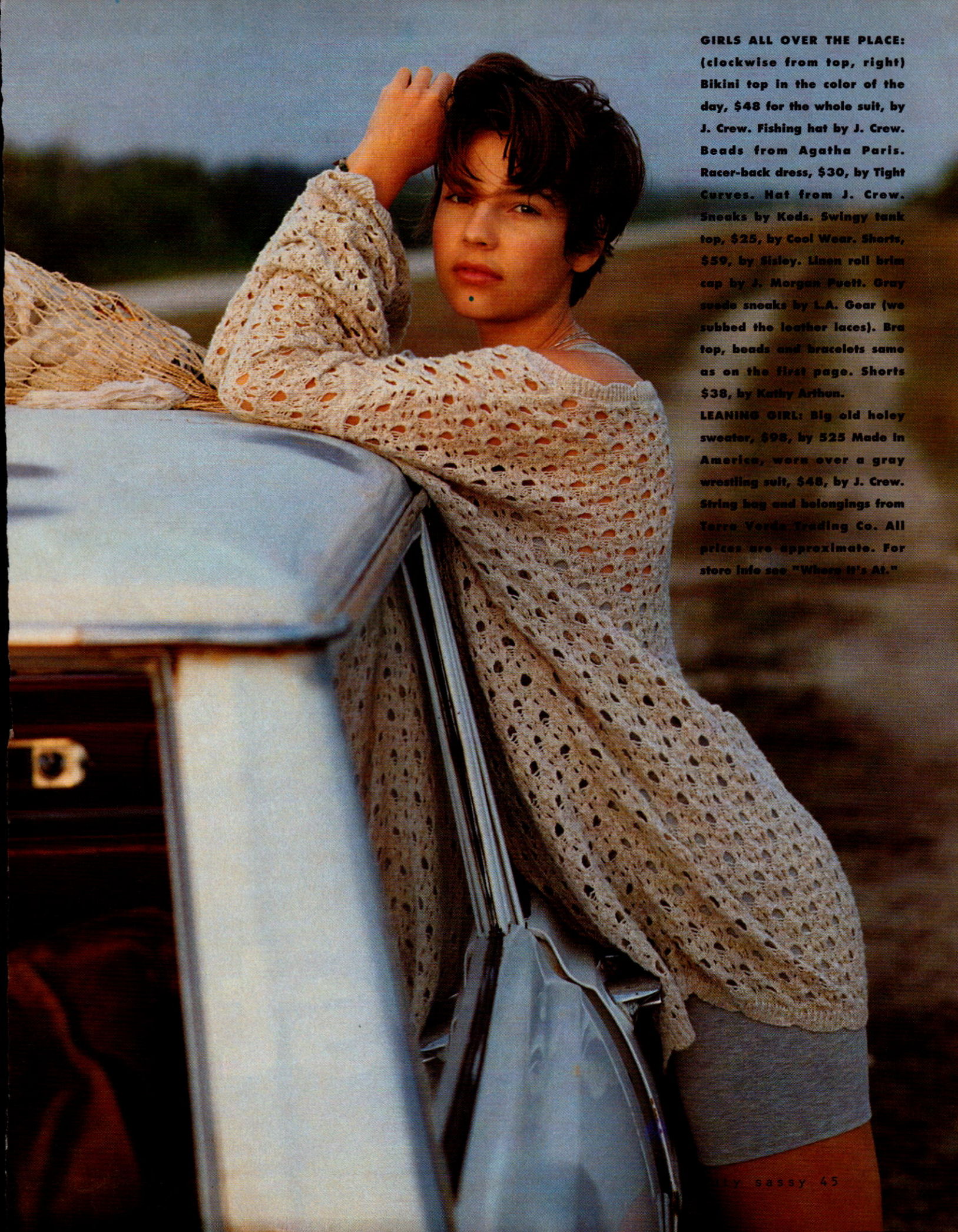
RUNNING GIRL: Wild west "Jacinta" dress (truly named after our own fashion editor), $285, by J. Morgan Puett, worn over a gray ribbed tank top, $32, and matching leggings, $34, by Kookai. Necklaces from Craft Caravan. Silver knife from Tiffany & Co. (we threaded it onto an Hermès ribbon all by ourselves). Espadrilles by Biarritz.

The Everglades of Florida, where we shot this story, are surely beautiful but hot as all get out. To cope with the sweat-inducing temps and still look photo-ready, we came up with these few beauty rules. Follow them yourself when you're traveling to hot & humid locales and you'll be looking and feeling as amazing as Mother Nature herself. First things first: Get yourself a super-duper antiperspirant-deodorant (like Sure Antiperspirant & Deodorant in Outdoor Fresh Scent). Then deflect the rays with perspiration-proof sunscreen (try Coppertone Sport Dry Lotion). Just by accident we discovered that you can ban bugs without dangerous, sting-y chemicals by smoothing on some Avon Skin-So-Soft, which is actually bath oil but really grosses flies and mosquitos out for some unknown laboratory-type reason. Save your lips with a feel-good, look-good lip balm with sun protection factors (we like Aloe Up Lip Ice, SPF 15). Beat the heat with frequent head-to-toe mistings (you can use Paul Mitchell Awapuhi Moisture Mist on every part of you).

WE LEARN SOME BEAUTY LESSONS

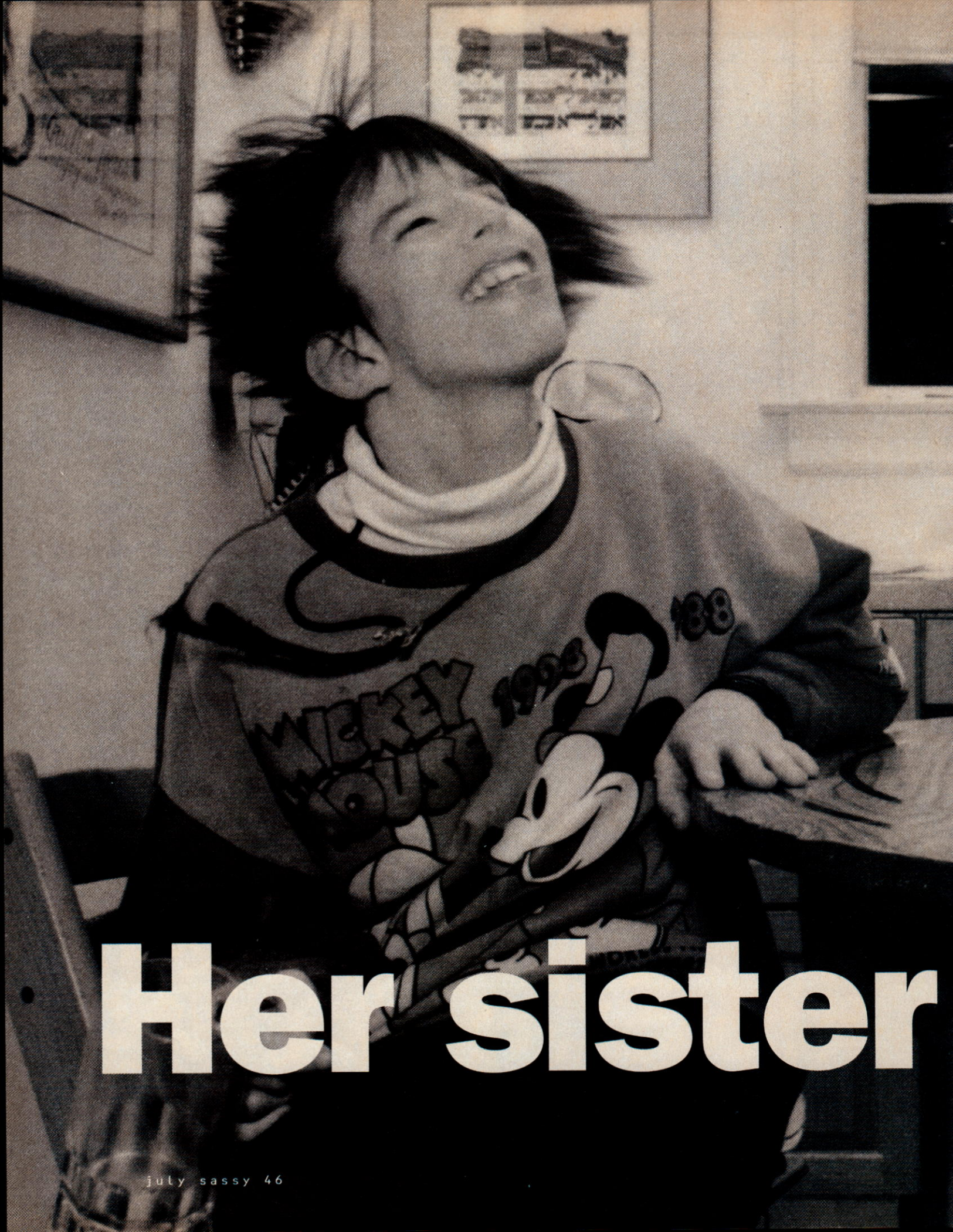






GIRLS ALL OVER THE PLACE: (clockwise from top, right) Bikini top in the color of the day, $48 for the whole suit, by J. Crew. Fishing hat by J. Crew. Beads from Agatha Paris. Racer-back dress, $30, by Tight Curves. Hat from J. Crew. Sneaks by Keds. Swingy tank top, $25, by Cool Wear. Shorts, $59, by Sisley. Linen roll brim cap by J. Morgan Puett. Gray suede sneaks by L.A. Gear (we subbed the leather laces). Bra top, beads and bracelets same as on the first page. Shorts $38, by Kathy Arthur.

LEANING GIRL: Big old holey sweater, $98, by 525 Made in America, worn over a gray wrestling suit, $48, by J. Crew. String bag and belongings from Terra Verde Trading Co. All prices are approximate. For store info see "Where It's At."



Her sister

photography: leslie boorstein

Amy

Leslie, 22, took the following photographs, then talked to our Kim about her sister Amy, who is 18 and mentally retarded. One in 25 babies born in this country has a serious birth defect, but Amy's condition, called cri du chat syndrome, is rarer—only 50 to 60 children in the US are born with it every year. *Cri du chat* is French for "cat's cry," and it's called that because the cry of an afflicted baby sounds like a cat's meow. The average 6-year-old with cri du chat behaves like a normal 2-year-old and has an IQ of 35. The doctor told Amy's parents to institutionalize her. But, like 95 percent of all families with a mentally disabled child, they didn't. Turn the page.

Amy having a temper tantrum

"As a kid I really resented Amy. She requires a lot of time and understanding, and you have to be a very flexible person to deal with her. I was always afraid to bring friends home from school. I thought, Well, they're going to go and tell everybody I have a strange sister. For the most part I went to other people's houses. Then—I guess it was in high school—I realized if my friends were really friends they wouldn't care, but it took a long time. My parents lost two friends when Amy was born—this one couple stopped talking to them. I guess they just couldn't deal with it. But I think every family has something."

Leslie took these pictures over a 10-day period while she was studying photography

Amy with her mom, during a fire drill at home . . .

"There were so many embarrassing times. She's always liked to sing really uninhibitedly, even though she has the worst voice in the world and sings off-tune. Or we'd go to stores and she'd have a temper tantrum. Once, there was this very fat woman in line at the supermarket. Amy turned to my mom and said, 'Fat lady, Mommy!' and the woman just ran off in the other direction. It was funny, although it wasn't *really* funny, but the fact that she's so blunt can be really nice. Amy speaks the truth."

Lou Gehrig's disease, since she was 11," she said. "They were really moving, an

. . . and a moment later with her dad, who's trying to console her

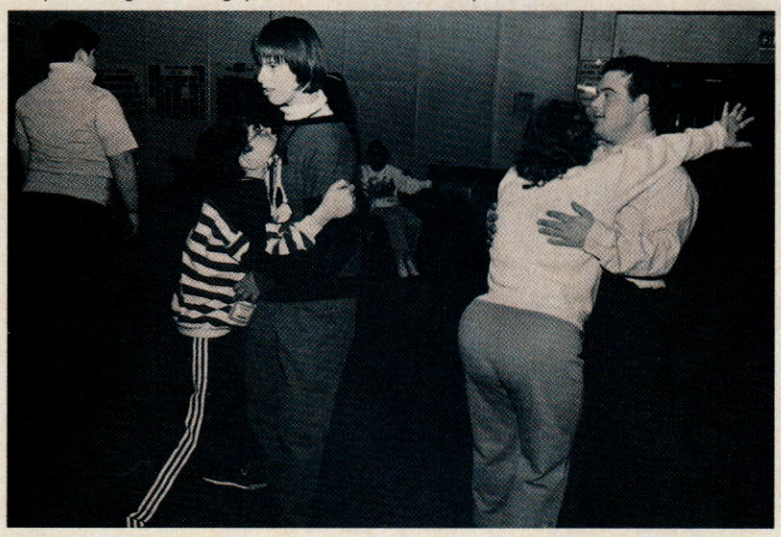
"She's afraid of sudden loud noises—the fire bell at school scares her so much that it takes four people to get her out of the building during a drill. She can't tie her shoes—she wears Velcro shoes. But she can button, snap and zipper, and those are things we never thought she'd be able to do. She can make herself a sandwich, give herself a shower, memorize words. If you show her a word, she'll memorize it. She has a great memory for names—better than anyone in the family. And everybody says how bad TV is, but she knows so much because of it. She has every baseball team memorized by their caps. It's not like she's Rain Man, you know, but she does have certain capacities."

Amy at a school dance

"She's really like a teenager. I mean, she loves Debbie Gibson and Madonna, and she always asks me if I like New Kids on the Block. She wants Danny to be her boyfriend. Her old school had dances once a month, and there was one guy she always said was her boyfriend. To a certain extent she has the natural desires of somebody her age, but it's kind of strange to me. I'd say, 'You like boys, huh? Okay, but you better be careful.' They try to educate her at school. I mean, she got her period just like anyone else her age, and we all thought, Oh my God, what are we going to do? She does take care of herself now. But she'll complain openly to anyone around, 'I have cramps.'"

in college. "A classmate of mine had been taking pictures of her father, who has

Amy dancing with the guy she used to call her boyfriend



"Eventually we want her to live with a group of retarded people in a house, and we want her to work—McDonald's hires retarded people. Or she could work at a stable, 'cause she loves horses. And she'd be really happy, I know that. But last year her school said, 'Listen, if Amy doesn't become more self-sufficient, she won't get accepted into one of these homes and she won't be able to get a job.' So we asked her if she wanted to go away to school, and she said yes. It's like going to college for her. She has a roommate and she makes her own bed. She comes home now and I can't believe the difference in her. If she eats, she doesn't make a mess, and if she does, she cleans it up. Before, it was all over the table and she'd run and play with her toys."

then I realized that I had something moving to take pictures of too."

Amy with her mother's helper, Jenny

"I don't really regret the way things are. I feel like I'm a much more sensitive person because of her. And my family is terribly close because of it. I grew up in an area on Long Island where there's a lot of people with a little too much money, and it's easy to become completely snobby and materialistic and obnoxious. And they forget what's really at the heart. My sister definitely steers me in the other direction. I don't know who I'd be without her."

leslie boorstein

How, When, Where and Why to DUMP

Even smart girls like us occasionally find ourselves dilly-dallying in a relationship that's doing us more harm than good. I can't really explain it, but I can help you stop it. By Karen

IMAGINE, if you will, a bright, young, energetic, ambitious girl not unlike yourself. We'll call her, oh, Karen. So this really cool chick has it all together. Then she meets a charming, beautiful, exciting, irresistible boy. Let's see ... we'll call him Trevor. They get totally into each other, and for a while it's great. Friends and family comment on how happy, well-rested and, yes, thin Karen looks. Trevor's busy opening her eyes to new experiences like actually listening to Guatemalan street musicians and going to the library. Then, mysteriously, the dynamics of the relationship change. What was once a mutually beneficial sort of arrangement has now become horribly one-sided—against her better judgment and God-given nature, Karen is pouring exponentially more time and energy than Trevor is into keeping the thing going. This makes her cranky. She loses sleep. Starts to snack. Soon she finds it impossible to answer the question, "What has he done for me lately?" Amend this tale of woe to suit your own particularly diseased relationship and let's get on with the cure.

Grill Yourself

Unless your relationship is blatantly bad—he's hitting you, flirting with everything on the planet, wearing fluorescent shorts, etc.—it can be frighteningly hard to say for sure that it's not working out. Society tells us to hold on to any semblance of a relationship—even a wildly less-than-perfect one—rather than be alone. "Maybe this is just a rough spot that we'll work through," you say to yourself hopefully. "Perhaps it's me. I'll just give it a while longer," you vow and relax a little, secure in the knowledge that at least you have a boyfriend. But at what cost?

To find out, ask yourself a few probing questions:

1) Are you treating him better than you're treating yourself?

2) Are you putting up with behavior from him you wouldn't normally tolerate in a bank teller, let alone someone you supposedly love?

3) Do you catch yourself defending him and his actions to your friends more than once a week?

4) Has he made you cry within the past 24 hours?

5) Does his influence make you do things way out of character, like breaking curfew to hang longer and cutting his meat into tiny bite-sized pieces for him?

The most telling question of all is the most basic: Are you happy? It's also the hardest to answer truthfully because of that bubbly feeling in the pit of your stomach that being with a guy provokes. But sometimes that feeling has more to do with agitation than actual happiness. So try something for me: Pretend for a second that he doesn't exist. If the thought makes your spirit soar and that goofy feeling in your stomach disappear—or if you answered yes to any of the above questions—this relationship is way out of your price range and you'd be better off on your own. Simple as that.

THAT

Break the News In Person

For me, anyway, determining that it's time to leave is the second hardest thing about getting out of a relationship. The first is telling him about it. As if the conversation itself isn't hard enough, you're gonna have to do it face to face with him, since only yellow-bellied subhuman scum do this sort of thing on the phone. Luckily, I can offer a few words of wisdom that will make this nasty business a little easier to cope with. One of the most important is pep talks. Breaking up with a guy (even one you know you can't have a real relationship with)

D

requires a huge amount of self-confidence. So go talk to a friend who not only supports your decision to break up but thinks you're mighty fab as well (thanks, Jeff). Once you're appropriately psyched, get prepared by literally writing down what you want to say to your soon-to-be ex, because it's important to make your feelings and reasons for leaving clear to him. And remember, just because it's time for you to go doesn't make it anybody's fault (unless he's one of those mentally/physically abusive guys I mentioned earlier). So chalk it up to bad chemistry, tweaked kismet, momentary insanity—but don't waste your time feeling like a failure or making him feel guilty. It's pointless.

Sit on a Bench

As important as what you say is where you say it. That cute coffee shop downtown where you two went for decaf cappuccino on your first date is probably not a smart choice, since you may fall prey to flashbacks of happier times and lose your resolve. Nor is any place where other people might interrupt or be able to overhear you (like school or your house). Good breaking-up locations include a quiet spot like a park bench, or over french fries and a Coke at that diner no one but old folks ever goes to. You get the idea. And be sure you can get your funky self home on your own afterward, since separation is the whole point of this conversation and a shared ride back could be more than a little uncomfortable for both of you.

Stick Your Fingers in Your Ears and Hum

Because he may very well try to talk (or kiss or hug) you out of it. But you must be stubborn even if he cries or, worse yet, calls you up late at night to swear he loves you and just didn't realize it until now. This may sound brutal, but girl, you've already determined that this relationship is a nowhere option as far as you're concerned, so to get talked into sticking with it is merely a vaguely cloaked form of self-destructiveness and we're way above all that. Besides, if you give in to him now, you'll just end up resenting each other and he'll never respect your decisions again. So if he slams you with fast talk about reconciliation, ask yourself why he really wants to get back together: Is it because he's honestly gonna change and treat you the way you should be treated, or is it his selfish fear of aloneness, rejection and doing his own English papers talking? I think you already know the answer.

Be Made of Steel

After the deed is done, it's only human to feel a little post-breakup regret. Even if the relationship was about as good for you as a sunlamp is for Frosty, a feeling of loss is to be expected. Under no circumstances, however, should you act on that urge. For example, don't conveniently put off asking anyone to the homecoming dance for so long that you feel compelled to resort to asking your ex, "just for old time's sake." Don't let him come over to borrow your Depeche Mode tape at 10:30 on a Friday night (you'll love the way saying "NO" feels). Don't even ask his best friend whether he's seeing somebody else. Don't call his house and hang up. Frankly, I also wouldn't recommend going out of your way to be just friends immediately after calling it quits romantically. Don't be hostile or run from him in the halls or anything, but cool out for a while. If there's gonna be a friendship here, you'll ease into it naturally anyway, so don't waste more of your precious time and energy on this guy for now, okay? If you feel yourself faltering, run, don't walk, to that pal who never really liked him in the first place. There's always one person who saw all of this coming, you know, and even if she (or he) says, "I told you so" 50 times a day for a month, the moral support of hearing someone you love and respect rag on him and support you is worth it.

Sing Along with Sinead

And Madonna and Eurythmics and Aretha Franklin and Patti Smith and Concrete Blonde and Chrissie Hynde. Basically spend your time with anyone who's going off about the innate strength of women, because now is the perfect opportunity to rely on and foster those "I Am Woman" feelings and qualities we all have but sometimes neglect when in the throes of a relationship.

Remember, now it's you time (finally). However, focusing all the energy that was previously being poured into a dude back onto you can be difficult if, like me, you tend to feel selfish when you spend more than a few minutes a day indulging yourself. That's a dangerous trait because it makes it seem safer and easier to keep giving away your attention and care and time as you have been. But the safest, easiest thing isn't always the healthiest, smartest thing. Start off slow, say, a pedicure. Then work your way up to seriously introspective afternoons with just you, some tea and a great book and Mr. Fluffy.

Date. Or Don't.

Whether or not you start going out with new guys right away is a deeply personal decision. If you do feel the need to be out and about in the company of a boy—either because you really like a new one or to reassure yourself that you're still a happening babe—go ahead. But do yourself a favor and make sure you're not getting into it with one of *his* friends. After all, birds of a feather flock together and all that. So unless you're hopelessly in love with his best friend, why put yourself through that whole scene again? Also, be very clear that the reason you want to go a-datin' isn't just so you can make the recently deposed boyfriend wig out with jealousy—that's a small, ugly, counterproductive emotion and should be avoided at all cost.

Pat Yourself on the Back

Even if you can't follow all of my advice to the letter, the fact that you pulled yourself out of a bad boy situation is cause for unbridled pride. You have already exhibited the kind of strength of character and devotion to yourself that I love to see. I think I'm gonna cry.

UDE

take it

In the nick of time, here's a bunch of sweaty-season beauty credos to help you decide which makeup and treatments can stay and which have got to go.

skin

OFF: Big shine ON: Clean, balanced, protected faces

As summer hits and turns your oil glands on turbo, even normally-normal skin goes into oil slick city. To get yourself out of that place, wash your face whenever you're feeling slick. Just be sure you do it gently, because washing with a too-harsh cleanser can cause over-drying, which will only stimulate those oil glands more (try using Noxzema Skin Cream, Love's Skin Care Gel Facial Wash or L'Oréal Plénitude Hydrating Cleansing Bar). For extra oil-patrol power, finish by swabbing with a cooling, nonalcoholic toner (like Max Factor Clarifying Cooler in Cucumber for dry skin, Watermelon for normal skin or Citrus for oily or combo faces).

Once you've got your skin clean, it's time to talk sun protection. Those folks with normal or dry skin should be opting for a light moisturizer with sunscreen built right in (we like Neutrogena Moisture SPF 15 and Physicians Formula Vital Defense Oil Free Lotion SPF 15). If you're prone to oily skin, use an oil-control lotion (check on Origins Oil Manager or Beauty Without Cruelty Oil Regulating Lotion) then put on some sunscreen. Or use a de-oiler/SPF combo product (Chanel Total Protection Matte Lotion SPF 15 is a lovely option).

foundation

OFF: Heavy, matte masks ON: Breathable, transparent coverage

For some faces, a dusting of loose translucent powder does it up fine, but for those who've simply gotta have foundation, take a tip and don't try to get totally matte since a sheerer application will look more natural. To get this much-coveted lighter effect, use a small, damp sea sponge instead of your fingers—the water will dilute the makeup and the sponge will spread on a thinner coat. Or check out the mind-boggling array of summer-ready, lighter-than-air foundation alternatives (we're talking Rubiglo Hint of Tint tinted moisturizer with aloe vera, Cover Girl SummerGlow Tinted Moisturizer, Bonne Bell Good Nature Glo, Christian Dior Teint D'Été and Ultima II Bare Cover for Face SPF 15).

eyes

OFF: Precise, dark-penciled lines and multitudinous colors ON: One simple, natural shadow

Meticulously mapped-out eyeshadow and liner don't stand a chance against the heat, humidity and sweat of summer. So keep your eye makeup simple with one neutral, earthy shade of shadow applied in an arc across your lids (use up Max Factor Visual Eye Picture Perfect Shadow in Transparent Taupe or Revlon BareWear Custom Eyes Sheer Shadow in Peach Whisper). If leaving your house without eyeliner gives you the heebie-jeebies, trade in your straight black lines for more muted ones (Maybelline Natural Accent Eye Pencil in Teakwood is right up there), blending them into near-oblivion with a Q-tip to prevent sweat smudging, then powdering over them with shadow so they stay, stay, stay.

lashes

OFF: The black stuff you've got on ON: The vaguest hint of color

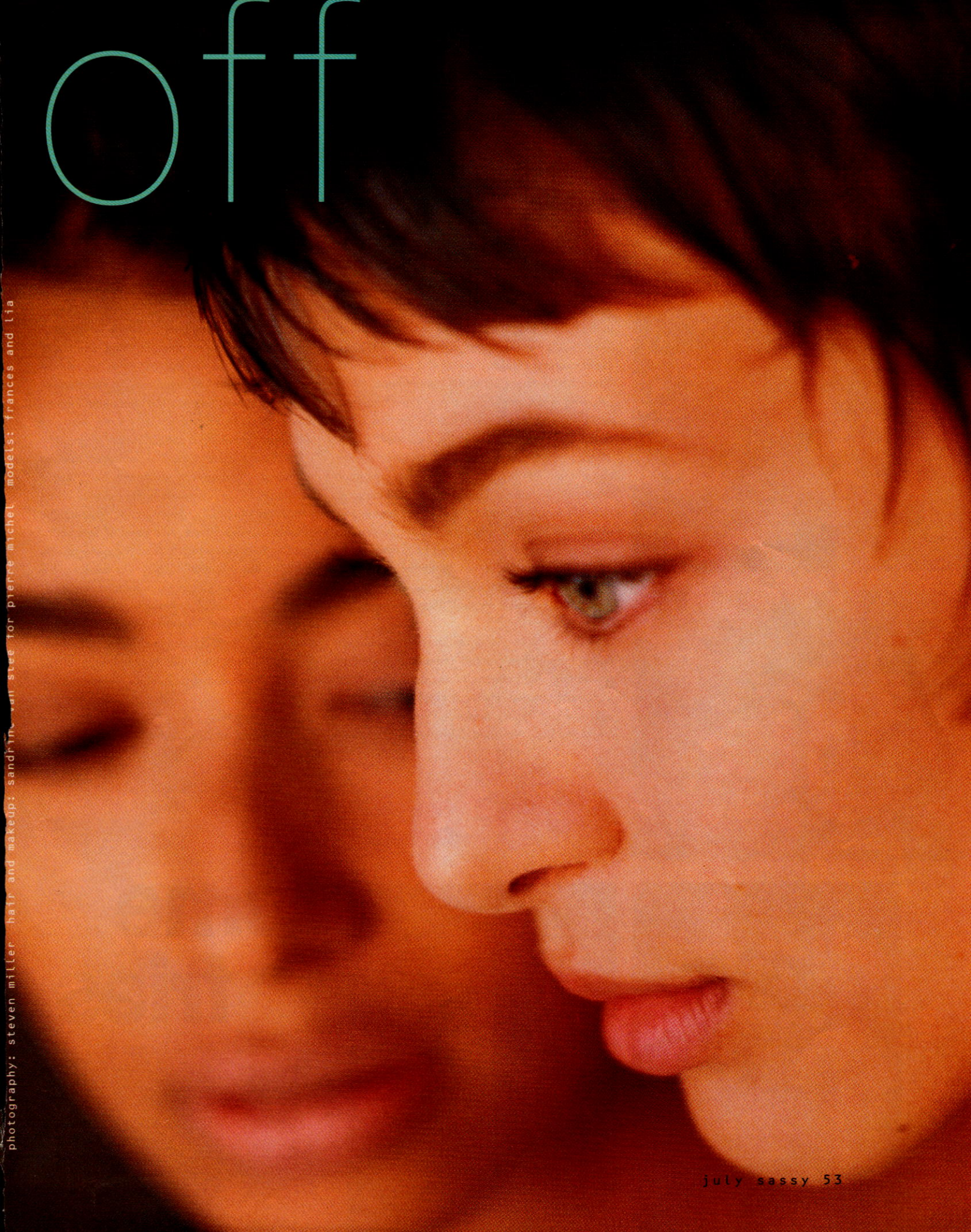
No spiky black lashes allowed. In the natural, sunny world of summer they look quite ridiculous, plus they're more apt to turn into those lovely streaks down your cheeks as you sweat/swim/whatever. Instead, try one of the plethora of see-through or only-slightly-colored mascaras out there (look for Cover Girl SunLash Clear Mascara or Ultima II Bare Cover for Lash & Brow).

lips

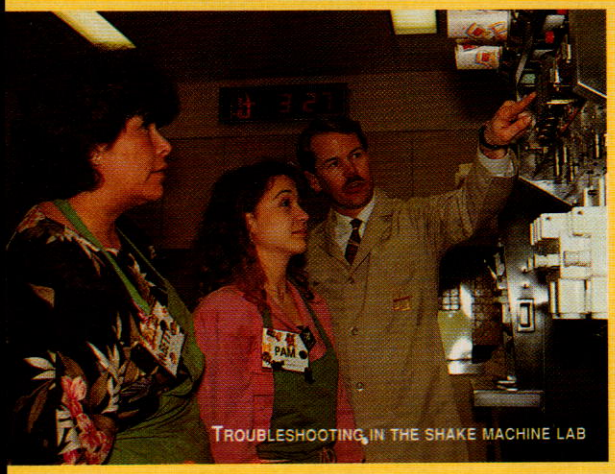
OFF: Meticulously painted lip work ON: Dabs of natural color

Keep the colors natural (go with Max Factor Transparencies New Definitions Matte LipColor in Transparent Honey, Cover Girl LipSlicks Lip Gloss in Hint of Bronze or Revlon BareWear Super Lustrous Sheer Lipcolor in Nude). Then skip the penciled outline and heavy fill-ins and go chasing after a smudgy look, concentrating your color on the center of your lips and blending it out to almost nothing at the edges. And if it's during the day, remember that your lips contain no sun-absorbing melanin, so using a lipstick or lipgloss with sunscreen (like Sally Hansen Quencher Lipshine SPF 15 in Shiny Mocha Frost or Maybelline Sheer Accents Lipstick SPF 8 in Sheerly Rosewood) is not only pretty but brainy too.

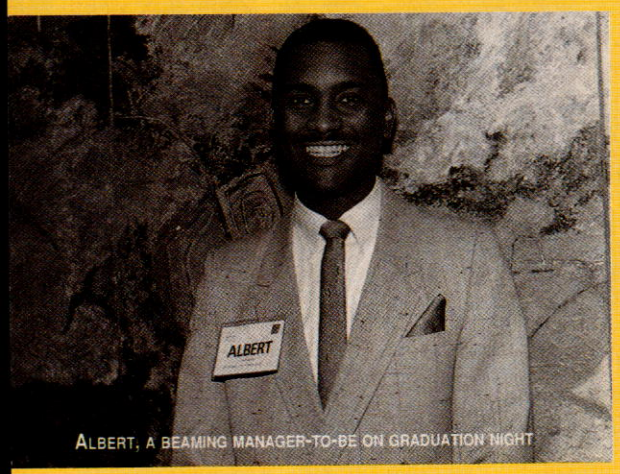
now go play.


off
photography: steven miller hair and makeup: sandrine van stee for pierre michel models: frances and lia

I never thought I'd be using the words "McDonald's" and "higher education" in the same sentence, but when I found out that there exists a place called Hamburger University, I had to take a look. What I saw there was impressive, serious, even sophisticated. And funny. And scary. By Mike



TROUBLESHOOTING IN THE SHAKE MACHINE LAB



ALBERT, A BEAMING MANAGER-TO-BE ON GRADUATION NIGHT

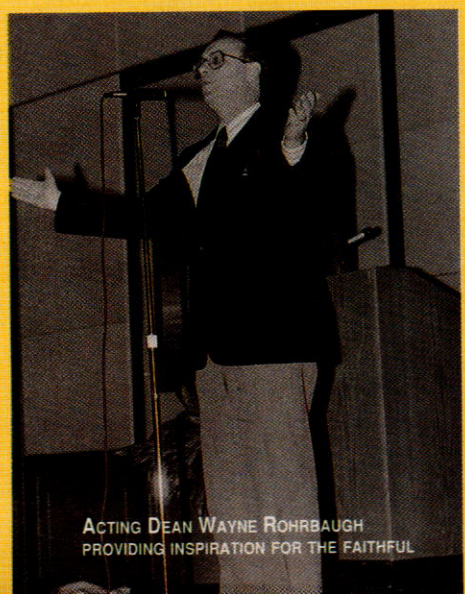
No sooner did I enter the downstairs lounge of the Lodge, Hamburger University's dorm, than "Louie, Louie," that anthem of collegiate excess, came blasting out of the jukebox. The room, where about 30 to 40 people were avidly partying it up, looked like any "real" college rathskeller. So okay, I thought, it's just like being away at school, right? Then, a McDonald's commercial interrupted the basketball game on the large-screen TV. It was one featuring basketball superman Michael Jordan. Suddenly, a discernible hush came over the room. All eyes watched expectantly for Mike to bite into his McJordan, a specialty sandwich being offered for a limited time in the Chicago area. When he finally cracked an ear-to-ear smile, a roar of applause, screams and Arsenio-esque woofs erupted. Then I remembered where I was.

And over the course of my four-day stay I never again forgot. The campus seemed designed to ensure that. The hallways of the dorm (actually a McDonald's-owned, Hyatt-run hotel) are bedecked with prints of famous artwork—Whistler's Mother, the Mona Lisa, *American Gothic*—cleverly altered to have the principals holding Big Macs, fries and soft drinks. A corridor in the university itself sports a life-sized Ronald McDonald made of Legos. Oh, need a ride from the Lodge to HU? Take the McShuttle. How 'bout a nice swim? Amble on down to the McPool. For those who want some fresh air, there's the winding network of walks in the surrounding woods called the McNature Trail. When I flipped on the TV in my room, 8 of the 19 channels were occupied with McD's programming—riveting stuff like "Gas Grill Review." All this didn't seem to bother anyone but me.

On my first full day there, I got a little guided tour from Training Manager and Acting Dean Wayne Rohrbaugh, who explained the HU curriculum: "Half of it is transferring information, the other half is motivation." And after observing a couple of classes, I could see this was one motivated student body. At this university, everyone's a cheerleader, everyone's a star. Seemed like every time I turned around someone was being applauded, even if it was just for providing a correct answer in class.

On night number two, I experienced the Hot Hamburgers competition, a "Family Feud"-esque tournament. Complete with lighted digital scoreboard, an official judge and a quintessentially articulate, well-groomed MC, teams of seven competed to determine which was most knowledgeable in McD's statistics and trivia. I was there for the finals, amid a standing-room-only crowd. Questions ranged from the ridiculously specific ("What is the correct receiving temperature for Big Mac sauce? *34 to 55 degrees*) to the ridiculously general ("A fact has three characteristics. What are they?" *True, specific, objective*). A team named the McSweeps triumphed, to a frenzied standing ovation. Regrettably, the only question I've ever had about McDonald's ("What part of the chicken

would you like some fries with tha



ACTING DEAN WAYNE ROHRBAUGH PROVIDING INSPIRATION FOR THE FAITHFUL

ME AND YOU-KNOW-WHO, LEGO STYLE

does the McNugget come from?") was not addressed, but I had a feeling it wouldn't be.

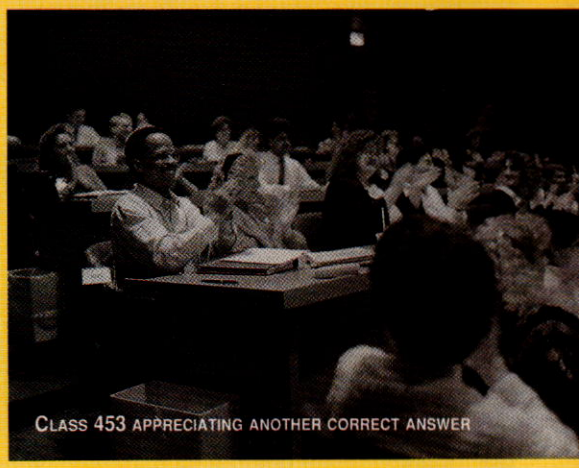
Hamburger University celebrates 30 years in operation this year. It was started in 1961, in the basement of a McD's restaurant in Elk Grove Village, Illinois, way before McDonald's became the corporate monolith it is today. The school's purpose is to prepare ambitious employees for the post of restaurant manager. Since its inception, 42,000 trainees have graduated; 3,000 more will take the two-week course in 1991 alone. (Sounds like a lot, till you learn that a new McDonald's opens somewhere in the world approximately every 15 hours.) I was told that a McDonald's manager must complete about 2,000 hours of training, nearly the equivalent of an average four-year college education. Not only that, HU is an accredited school and courses taken here are transferrable to other institutions of higher learning. Lucky students are chosen by their store managers, and tuition is paid for by the corporation, and lodging and food expenses are picked up by the restaurant owners. Employees from all 12,000 outlets and 54 countries in McDonaldland are eligible. Language barrier? No problem—there are translators of 13 languages employed at HU, and all classroom auditoriums have sealed-off translator booths and headphones at the desks. We're talking high-tech, state-of-the-art equipment here.

Before I even arrived at the Oak Brook, Illinois campus, Dean Randy Vest made it clear to me that they don't teach courses here like "Cheeseburgers 101"; the curriculum covers much more sophisticated stuff like Customer Appreciation and Advanced Management Techniques. The training consists of lectures, role-playing exercises and laboratory assignments, all leading up to that coveted degree, the Bachelor of Hamburgerology (No, I'm not kidding).

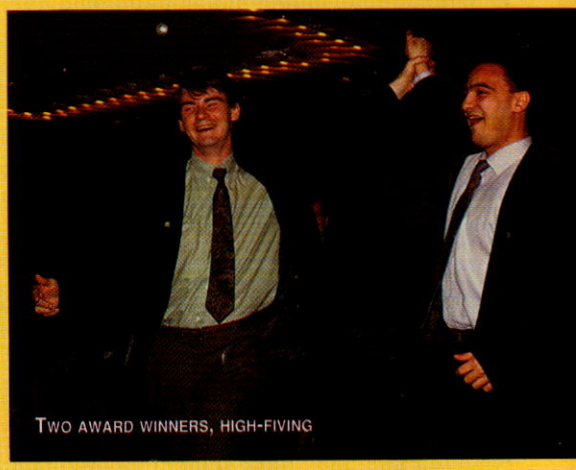
A typical school day starts at about eight in the morning and runs to the late afternoon. Classes are in large, wood-paneled lecture halls. Top 40 pop wafts through the auditorium speakers during between-class breaks. Role-playing takes place in "breakout rooms," where students are videotaped acting out routine workday situations. Later, they watch and critique their performances. I sat in on one which concerned the presenting of performance evaluations. Each student was given an information packet on two fictional employees named Connie and Lea. The teams "broke out" and debated about what kind of review they'd give the make-believe crew people. When one would-be manager remarked that Connie's fries were undercooked eight times during her employment history, someone else pointed to her dossier and firmly retorted, "Yeah, but there were some equipment problems too."

There are also four lab rooms: Grill, Beverage, Shake/Soft Serve and Fryer. In one exercise, students are presented with a product problem (e.g., a shake that tastes both chocolate and strawberry) and must find what's causing it. They're reminded that problem solving takes three steps: checking operating procedure, raw product and, finally, equipment. Because finals were two days away, I only witnessed a sort of cramming session: The labs were open for students to stop in before the big test and pick professors' brains on anything they had questions about. I observed a student discussing fryer problems. She was distraught because the "Trouble" light on hers kept going on for some unexplainable reason. The professor earnestly queried, "Well, what are you cooking when this happens, McNuggets? Apple pies?" The conversation started getting bogged down in technical detail, so I didn't stick around to hear the solution.

Now, I realize that analyzing frying procedures is not too bizarre—after all, food *is* their business. It's the "motivation" half of the training that really freaked me out. Essential to that: a glaring, nonstop emphasis on teamwork. Class 453, for example, has three homerooms of 54 people each, and those homerooms are broken up into teams of around seven. Also harped on is the importance of their larger teams (the staffs at the students' home restaurants) and, most importantly, the global team that McDonald's has become. Definitely discouraged: any me-first, cutthroat approaches to climbing the corporate ladder.



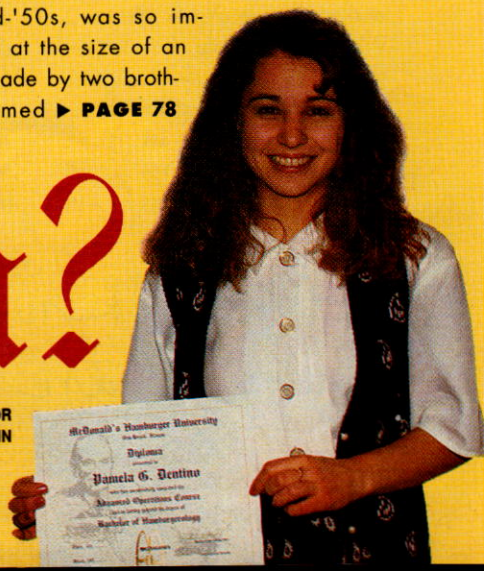
CLASS 453 APPRECIATING ANOTHER CORRECT ANSWER



TWO AWARD WINNERS, HIGH-FIVING

And more than mere company loyalty, there seems to be a belief system at HU, like some strange burger-based religion or, more accurately, cult. Yeah, making money is important, but there's far more said about perpetuating the *ideals* of McDonald's: "quality, service, cleanliness and value," or QSCV. These four letters are repeated incessantly like a kind of a corporate mantra. There's even a semi-Godlike figure in the equation. That's McDonald's founder Ray Kroc, a shake machine salesman who, back in the mid-'50s, was so impressed at the size of an order made by two brothers named ▶ **PAGE 78**

Diploma?



PAM DISPLAYING HER BACHELOR OF HAMBURGEROLOGY SHEEPSKIN

why you liked yourself

Alyshea Austern, 12-year-old renegade psychologist, wants you to improve your self-image.

This is what I learned from the studies of Dr. Carol Gilligan and her associates at Harvard: When girls are little, they are true to their beliefs. They speak their minds. If they're angry, they let you know. When someone asks them a question, they answer it with confidence. If they don't agree with what they're told to do, they disobey. Pre-teenage girls are proud of being different, and they know that resisting authority is okay. But then, around the age of 12, they start to become obsessed with measuring up to society's idea of the "perfect girl": someone who is always good and nice and avoids conflict (despite the fact that cliques often cause them to have bad thoughts and feelings); is pure and therefore has no sexual desire; is skinny and therefore not hungry for food; is not aggressive; is not particularly ambitious; and is not good at math or science.

I don't know.
— Theresa, age 13

So teenage girls start to conform to an image, doing what they think they're supposed to do instead of what they really want to do. When girls do what they're supposed to do, they're not true to themselves. But if they're true to themselves, they feel guilty for doing what they're told is "wrong." That makes them feel like they're never doing the right thing. Girls don't trust their emotions or their instincts. Things that they know for sure at age 11, they suppress at age 16—girls say "I don't know" shockingly more often at age 16 than they do at 11 (one girl in the study said the phrase seven times more frequently at 14 than she did at 12). They have a much harder time being teenagers than boys do. Also, they see themselves the way they think boys see them: If they don't fit the standard idea of what's physically attractive, they generally won't like themselves too much. Sixty-four percent of teenage girls have negative body images—one reason why girls become depressed, and why some develop eating disorders in their teenage years.

These theories came out of Dr. Gilligan's interviews with girls, particularly a group of 100 girls at a Cleveland-area private school whose development she followed closely for over five years. Dr. Gilligan also helped create questions for a survey done by the American Association of University Women that found that 60 percent of 9-year-old girls felt "happy the way I am," as opposed to only 29 percent of high school girls. Scary. (Boys lost some self-esteem too, but not as radically as girls: 67 percent of 9-year-old males felt "happy the way I am," and 46 percent of adolescent males were still loving themselves.) Also, while 81 percent of 9-year-old girls liked math and science, only 61 percent liked those subjects in high school. Interestingly, the high school girls who still liked math and science

I don't know
— April, age 16

better when you were 11

girls lose their self-esteem when they're teenagers, according to some harvard professors. i was not so shocked to hear this. but when a 12-year-old girl read their predictions that she'd start to think less of herself *and* lose her interest in science by the time she hit 16, she was really mad. mad enough to try to prove them wrong.

by christina kelly

had better self-esteem and were more confident that they'd have successful careers. And girls who didn't do so well in math saw their problems as personal failures,

I don't know
— Lawanda, age 15

while most boys blamed it on the subject, usually saying it wasn't useful.

There is also some evidence that girls do better at all-female schools than they do at coed ones. A study examining classroom participation at Yale, Brown, Wellesley and Smith colleges found that the women at coed Yale and Brown were verbally less assertive than the men. But women at all-female Smith and Wellesley were more verbally assertive than both the women *and* the men at Yale and Brown. Plus, more students at women's colleges major in economics, math and science than do women at coed colleges. Another study found that in classrooms, professors consistently take the ideas of male students more seriously than those of females.

Reading these findings was like

I don't know
— Patty, age 17

I DON'T KNOW
— KIKO, AGE 12

having the history of my life explained to me. I did well in accelerated science classes all the way up until the 10th grade; then I had trouble with chemistry and bailed. I made it through college without taking one science or math class, and today couldn't figure out my bank balance if my life depended on it. I never really gave my sudden hatred of these subjects a second thought, much less made a connection between that and my poor self-esteem and constant striving for perfection as a teenager. I had great grades and was painfully shy and anorexic—classic symptoms of lousy self-image. Gilligan's theory helped me make sense of what had happened to me, and made me want to get back to the way I was at 11.

Alyshea Austern is 12 years old. Searching for a project for her 7th grade science class at Junior High School 51 in Park Slope, Brooklyn, she stumbled upon Carol Gilligan's work. She knew she wanted her project to be psychology-related, but she was having trouble narrowing the focus. Her mother handed her a *New York Times* clip about the American Association of University Women's survey. "I just couldn't believe it because I didn't think that I would stop being interested in science," said the confident, well-spoken girl. "It just didn't seem real. I would talk to kids in my class and they were like, 'Yeah, right, this isn't going to happen.' So I decided to do the experiment myself and find out what happened."

Alyshea got in touch with the American Association of University Women, and they gave her a copy of the survey they had used. She duplicated it and gave it out to the 7th and 9th grade ▶ **PAGE 77**

the time is
right to
celebrate
your own
personal
independence
in these
hyper•
fahrenheit
outfits
burn

COMBUSTING OVER THERE: Stars-and-stripes dress, $35, by Tight Curves. "Super Fly" cap by Venetian Paradise. Sunglasses by Mecura. Shoes by Capezio. SMOLDERING RIGHT HERE: Starry, starry bikini top, $36 (includes equally patriotic bottoms), by Tripp. Red cotton hot pants, $39, by Benetton. Class ring by Art Carved. Flag tie used as a belt, by Hullabaloo, St. Louis. July 4th footwear by Na Na.
baby

THIS HOT SPOT: Stars-then-stripes catsuit with zip-up front and flared legs, $88, by Tripp. Clogs by Birkenstock. **THAT FIRE HAZARD:** Flag fabric bustier, $40, by Bamboo. Patriotically patched denim shorts, $35, and top hat by Venetian Paradise. Watch by Swatch.

UP IN FLAMES THERE: Really red cotton-Lycra cropped top, $21, by Danskin. Independence Day bike shorts with sequined stars, $78, by Necessary Objects. Chiffon bandana by the Honey Collection. Watch by Swatch. **IGNITING HERE:** Up-the-flagpole rain slicker, $33, by Items International. Half-stars, half-stripes tights by Look of London. Shoes by Capezio. All prices are approximate. For more information see "Where It's At."

S E R

CATHERINE WAS JON'S FRIEND. THEIR PARENTS WERE FRIENDS. ONE DAY HER FAMILY CAME OVER TO HIS HOUSE FOR DINNER. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

BY SETH KAUFMAN

I sit by the fireplace poking at two charred logs. Behind me, on couches and easy chairs, my family entertains the Tuckers. We have just eaten and the fire has faded during our meal. After a while I part the wire screen with my poker and place my head so close to the embers that the heat swells up into my face and my eyes start to tear. Then I blow long and even, hoping to turn the blackened wood into bright red coals that will burst into flame. My family and the Tuckers are not watching me. Everyone is familiar with my job as guardian of flames. The little kids, Julie Tucker and my sister, are especially happy that I make fires. After tea and coffee and cake, my mother will bring out marshmallows for them to toast for everyone. Perfect brown marshmallows that, for five minutes, make them very important.

The fire is stubborn. My face is tired and red. I reach into the kindling basket and pull out the twigs I collected in the woods yesterday after school. I face the room. My mother is pouring tea. She carefully balances the cups in their saucers and asks who takes milk. It's a silly question; she should know the answer by now. The Tuckers are my family's closest friends. Like us, they are transplanted New Yorkers, slightly out of place in the New England woods. They've become, in the last two years, the aunts and uncles and cousins we left behind in the city. There are four of them: Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Catherine, who is a junior like me, and Julie, who is eight, like my sister, Rita. The symmetry is almost perfect.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker are discussing summer plans with my father. Mr. Tucker has just received an offer to write an instruction manual for a Japanese company. It's a six-month project and he will have to spend time at the company headquarters in Tokyo. He wonders if he should accept it.

I can't imagine how a home entertainment center could take six months to explain. I tune him out. My eyes drift to where my sister sits, flanked by Catherine and Julie. Rita has a photo album on her lap and is happily telling them about our relatives back in New York. She points to one picture and whispers, "That's cousin Alison. Her son is in detox." Rita loves to give out family dirt. Soon she will arrive at my baby pictures and tell Catherine and Julie about my affection for various blankets and how much I used to cry, even though she wasn't alive yet.

I place some snapped twigs across the charred wood. My mother offers me tea.

"My goodness, Jon," she says, "your eyes are bright red. Go and put some Visine in them."

"Catherine!" her mother calls across the room. "Come sit with us."

Catherine rises. Her long brown hair catches the light. Once, while eating Swedish meatballs at a Christmas party, she told me there was Scandinavian blood in her family. Watching her now I can believe it. The rays from a nearby lamp make her hair much lighter. Her skin seems very white. Swaying in her cotton-print skirt, she crosses the room and sits in the beanbag beside the fireplace. I turn back to the fire, glad she will not hear my sister talk about my infantile antics. I place the kindling carefully. I get up. One fresh log and it will really burn. I walk out into the backyard and grab a log from the cord I stacked last summer. It occurs to me that I should have asked Catherine to come along. When I return to the living room, my father and Mr. Tucker are roaring over some joke. Immediately, I'm glad I didn't invite Catherine outside. I picture our return, wood in hand. My father would eye us and say something like, "Full moon tonight, huh, kids?" And then he would turn to Mr. Tucker, or maybe Mr. Tucker would turn to him, and one would say to the other: "Ah, he's a chip off the old block!" They would laugh and I would wince.

My mother looks over at Catherine. "What are you doing about colleges, dear?" she asks. "Have you been writing away for applications?"

It has been building up around me, this college talk, and I sometimes feel suffocated by it. I place the fresh log on top of the smoldering ones. A crumpled page of the Sunday *Herald* goes beneath it all, and I ignite it, passing a match around strategic parts of the paper to ensure the flame's even rise. It is a very aesthetic fire, and satisfying to watch. When my mother, Mrs. Tucker and Catherine talk of colleges, I'm not really listening.

But the fire gets too hot. The dry air begins to irritate my throat, and I turn away. The living room is in front of me, and nearby is Catherine. I move to join her, squishing myself into the bag. She moves slightly to accommodate me, then leans close and lets her hand rest on my leg, just above the knee, as she continues talking with our mothers.

I listen. Catherine's touch is probably platonic, but I enjoy it all the same. It is a gesture of closeness, of warmth. I wonder how warm.

"Did you get the Kenyon catalog?" my mother asks Catherine.

Catherine shakes her head. "No, not yet."

"I've got one," I say.

"Really?" Catherine asks.

"Come on," I say, rising. "Take a look."

"He's got some etchings too, if you're interested," my father says.

As Catherine and I leave the living room, our fathers are still laughing.

The last time she visited my room was a few months ago. My knee had crossed paths with a swinging lacrosse stick. I was depressed and immobile when she arrived after school. She stayed for an hour and I was glad when she left. I felt spastic lying there in shorts—one leg too skinny, the other fat and discolored. I couldn't even get up to change tapes.

Now when we get to my room up in the attic, I am walking fine. I shut the door, locking out the voices of our little sisters, who are demanding marshmallows from my mother.

"I didn't know you wanted to go to Kenyon, Jon. How come you never told me?"

"I don't want to go to Kenyon," I say. "I don't even have the catalog. I just didn't want to hear any more about college."

"Yeah, I guess talking about college is kind of like talking about the weather."

I laugh. "It's always there, looming over us."

"Totally."

Catherine looks around my room. I try to remember if I have changed it in any way since her last visit. Unfortunately, I can find nothing different, and I remind myself to invest in some new posters or something. Catherine spots my guitar on the floor beside my music stand.

"Why don't you play something for me?" she asks.

I shake my head and mumble about starting a new piece with tricky arpeggios and slurs.

"Oh, just play," she says. "You never play for anyone."

"Maybe 'cause I'm bad," I say, but I move to the guitar anyway.

Catherine is smiling. "Thanks," she says.

With stiff hands, I place some sheet music on the stand. I tune the guitar, and as I tighten each string I can feel my stomach tense up. My hands suddenly feel as if they are shrinking. I try to laugh. "This is a long piece," I say. "Something by a Spanish guy named Sor. It's not very good."

It's difficult to concentrate on the notes. They are small and seem far away. I take a few deep breaths and look over the first measures to get my bearings. "Segovia never had such peer pressure when he was young," I say.

"Who's he, a guitar player?"

I nod and begin. It is a hard piece with a busy bass line that keeps my thumb in constant action. I trip up after the first page, stumbling on a flamenco strum and a barrage of sixteenth notes. I punctuate my mistakes by swearing under my breath with each one, but I'm not doing real bad.

Midway through the piece, when I'm running out of new curses, there is a whole rest in the notation. I stop to tick off the beats and Catherine's applause

fiction

E N A D E

interrupts my count. She thinks the piece is finished and I decide not to disappoint her.

"That wasn't long," she says.

"Yeah, well...."

"I thought it was good. Really good."

"It was kind of sloppy."

"Well, to my unsophisticated ear it was good." She laughs. "Encore! Encore!"

"Thanks," I say, "but no thanks."

Catherine steps behind my chair. She rubs the back of my neck with both hands. I want to respond, but I realize two people can't give each other back rubs at the same time. Still, I am happy, tickled by the gooseflesh that covers my back and neck. I reach down behind me for her calf. I knead it lightly, slowly, for fear she will pull away.

But she stays there, her fingers pressing into my shoulders, trying to loosen muscles that are now tightening. I am embarrassed. I should feel relaxed. I sit as still as I can. I am confused by the signals that Catherine may or may not be sending. I can hear her rubbing my neck, the sound of skin sliding on skin. Her kneading slows down and becomes more gentle and I lean my head backward to look up at her. Catherine's smooth face lowers to mine. She kisses me softly and then pulls away before I have time to react. "Let's go downstairs," she says. "It must be marshmallow time."

I nod, though I would rather stay upstairs. When Catherine opens the door, I am still sitting and looking at her. "Come on, Jon," she says.

I follow her down the stairs, my hands massaging her neck. It is awkward to do because we're moving at an angle, but I manage. Before we get to the living room, I drop my hands to my side. Catherine says nothing.

Our families are concentrating on their marshmallows. Mr. Tucker helps the two little ones spear them onto sticks. "Okay, this is the last one, Julie," he says. "Then it's time to go."

My mother sees us first. "Well, Catherine?" she asks. "Doesn't it look like a fantastic school?"

"Oh, yes," replies Catherine, who hasn't looked at the catalog that I don't have. "The grounds are beautiful."

"Yesterday," says my father, "I saw a kid wearing a sweatshirt that said 'Neurotic State' on it. Maybe Jon and Catherine should apply there too."

My mother ignores him. "All that greenery—I think it's a beautiful place to spend four years."

Julie and my sister finish toasting the marshmallows and offer them around. They want Catherine to judge their work. A marshmallow contest.

"Like a pie contest!" shrieks my sister, beside herself with laughter.

"Like a beauty contest!" adds Julie.

Catherine surveys the two marshmallows, then takes a bite of each. "Tie," she says after chewing thoughtfully. "A dead heat. Shake hands."

The rest of us clap for the girls. This ceremony ends the evening. Slowly, the Tuckers put their jackets on. They thank my mother for a wonderful meal and even better company. We all say good-bye. On her way out the door, Catherine pokes me in the ribs. "See you on the bus tomorrow," she says.

When the Tuckers are gone, my sister goes to bed, my mother to the kitchen and my father to the bathroom. The living room is empty except for me and the fire. I watch the low flames flicker and my face feels tight. I think about Catherine. About a kiss that doesn't really seem to have happened and a marshmallow feeling in my stomach. I wonder what she was trying to say in my room? What did it mean, the warmth, and where will it go? These are dangerous, important thoughts. I get up, leaving the fire to burn itself out, and head for my room and my guitar and the music stand. I will finish the piece I started playing for Catherine. S

Seth Kaufman works at The New York Post, *a paper with very interesting headlines that he does not write.*

illustration: mercedes mcdonald

by jessica

on the road

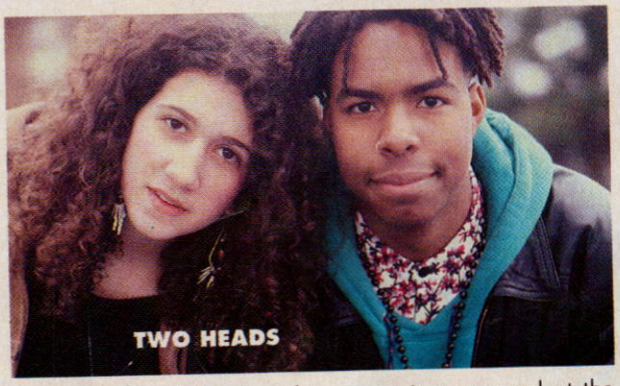
Keila Naparstek, 18, Joanna Moresky, 17, and their friends live in Cleveland, OH, where the Cuyahoga River (the one from the R.E.M. song) flows gracefully into Lake Erie. C come, let them show you.

"It's the old warehouse district, but now it's turning into a riverfront area with clubs and restaurants," says Joanna (right). "We've tried to hang out there at night," says Keila (left), "but there's not much you can do when you're under 21."

WHAT WE DO

Sail and swim in Lake Erie ("The water's plenty clean," swears Keila). Get fruit at the Westside open-air market. Eat a slice at Mama Santa's in Little Italy—and shop in the neighborhood for weird hats and jewelry. Go to Coventry Road and drop a few bucks at Record Revolution. Hang at jazz clubs in University Circle like the Boarding House, Brandywine's Cafe and Club Isabella.

"Political protests usually happen here. Antiwa demonstrators stayed in tents for 60 days las winter," explains Joanna.



"Here my friend Imari and I are getting annoyed at the photographer," admits Keila. "We just wanted the shot to be over."

Construction is beginning for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, to be completed in late 1993.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

WHAT WE SAY

"Salty" means anger-filled (as in, "My dad was totally salty on the phone"). "Dude, man," is a universal (and unisex) greeting. The proper response to "No way" is "Way!" To be "bogued" is to get stood up.

"They have open-mike nights where people play guitar or read poetry and say their feelings," says Joanna.

WHAT WE LISTEN TO

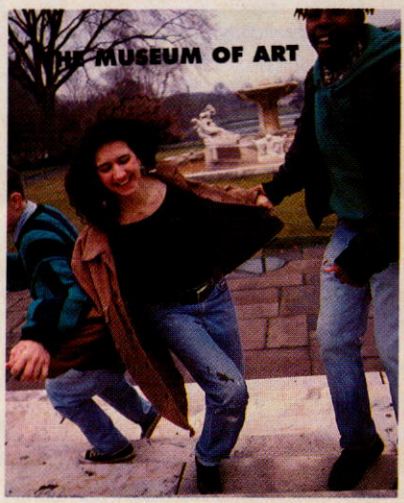
Indigo Girls, Joni Mitchell, Aretha Franklin, Ike and Tina Turner, Ladysmith Black Mambazo and local reggae bands Satta and First Light. "I like musicals—but that's just me," confesses Keila. "I listen more to blues—B.B. King and John Lee Hooker," says Joanna.

WHAT WE WEAR

"A lot of guys wear beads," notes Keila. Also vintage vests, tie-dye and batik T-shirts, J. Crew stuff, wingtips, outdoorsy boots, Converse high-tops, Birkenstocks. "And trading old Levi's is a big thing," says Joanna.

"People were really psyched when it opened a year ago. It showed potential for Cleveland," says Keila. "There's an atrium with old paintings on the ceiling," observes Joanna. "Then you walk through the doors and—poof!—beautiful marble grays and mauves."

Superman was created in 1934 by Cleveland high schoolers Jerry Siegel (writer) and Joe Shuster (artist).



"I came here on field trips when I was little. It was a nightmare—we were forced to go," Keila reminisces. "Now I think it's peaceful."

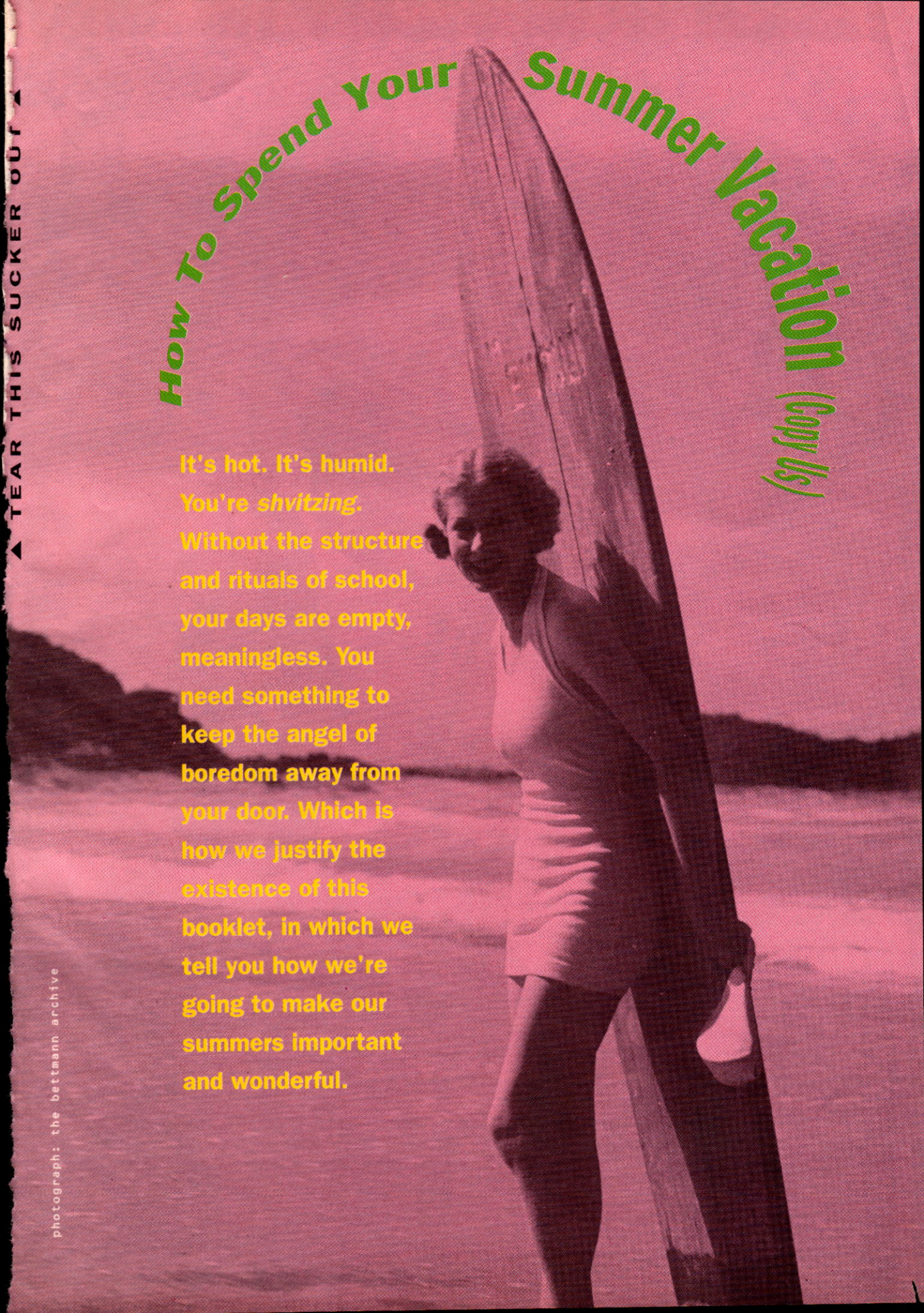
James Garfield, the last president to be born in a log cabin, was from Cleveland.

photography: mari darr

If you wanna see your cherubic visage on display here, write a haiku (or whatever) about your hometown, turn around three times and send it to Jessica, On the Road, Sassy, 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169. Next month: Brooklyn, NY.

▲ TEAR THIS SUCKER OUT ▲

How To Spend Your Summer Vacation (copy us)



It's hot. It's humid. You're *shvitzing*. Without the structure and rituals of school, your days are empty, meaningless. You need something to keep the angel of boredom away from your door. Which is how we justify the existence of this booklet, in which we tell you how we're going to make our summers important and wonderful.

photograph: the bettmann archive

Sassy CLUB

A SASSY SPECIAL PROMOTION

BE STRONG BE HEALTHY
BE YOURSELF
GET FIT
BE Sassy

It's time for a tune up—and we mean you! This month, SASSY Club wants you to GET FIT and we have some fab items to get you started. We think you'll see a difference as soon as you put on a GET FIT sweatshirt. Go on, give it a try.

This new sweatshirt says it all in black and SASSY pink. The oversized fit (XL) is quite the thing as you can see on Andrea. Plus, wearing it will keep your muscles warm during exercise. It weighs in at only $16.00 #031 ◀

T-shirts are an essential part of your wardrobe and this is one you won't be able to live—or get fit—without. (It's especially fetching as modeled by Janet!) It's XXL, it says GET FIT in black and pink. Jump on it for only $10.95. #032 ▶

It's the SASSY hip pack! Stuff your stuff in this water resistant hip bag. It has an adjustable waistband and can be yours for $3.95. #030 ▶

Too cool—the black T-shirt (one size for everyone, XXL) proclaiming you're SASSY in hot pink. You've gotta have it, 'nough said. And it's only $10.95. (Also available in white) Order #033B ◀ for Black or #033W for White.

40 inches of white shoelaces with little pink SASSYs all over them. Tie them on alone or with another pair of laces for a truly SASSY shoe style. One pair is $2.99. #040 ▼

Go out in style with this eight-piece set of professional makeup brushes. They have all-natural bristles and come in this cute little holder. All this beauty for only $2.99. #039 ▶

Offer expires 10/30/91.

SASSY Club Order Form

July

Name _____

Street _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Item#	Qty.	Description	Price	Total

Order Total
Sales Tax
Shipping & Handling (allow 6-8 weeks)
Outside U.S.A.
Total

Method of payment (DO NOT SEND CASH)

☐ Check/Money Order (U.S. dollars only!—Payable to SASSY)
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summer entertainment guide

jodie foster: jeff slocomb/outline jane's addiction: chris cuffaro/visages red polish: steven miller

Karen

I plan to **tan.** Those close to me feel this is a mistake, both for aesthetic and health reasons. But I know it is the right thing to do. Accordingly, my summer entertainment roster is somewhat affected by my tanning agenda. For example, I will be renting all 25 movies that **Jodie Foster** (my new idol, left) has ever made (including ***Taxi Driver, Freaky Friday, Foxes, The Hotel New Hampshire, Five Corners***); after all, she did get her start as the bare-bottomed Coppertone kid in those famous sunscreen ads. I will also be going to see her first self-directed, self-starring movie ***Little Man Tate*** the second it's out, though from what I can tell it has very little to do with sunshine. I will also definitely be seeing ***Boyz N The Hood*** (right, out July 12), an LA gang saga starring one of the most underexposed actors I can think of, **Larry Fishburne** (Cowboy Curtis on **"Pee-wee's Playhouse"**). Because tanning is boring business and I don't own a portable VCR, I will also need to find some suitable reading material to tote with me as I follow the sun. My first priority is ***Object Lessons,*** a novel by incredibly cool and female *New York Times* columnist **Anna Quindlen.** Then I'll devour both books by **Carrie Fisher: *Postcards from the Edge*** and ***Surrender the Pink.*** Since I can't possibly spend all my waking moments basking, I'll also have the time this summer to finish getting my new apartment together—curtains would be nice. And I'll be hosting gloriously spontaneous rooftop barbecues, complete with a view of the Empire State Building. Yes, of course you're invited.

Christina

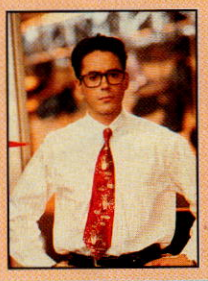
I will listen to the new/upcoming **Psychedelic Furs, Guns N' Roses, Throwing Muses, Fishbone** and **Chuck Treece** albums. I will listen to older records too—like **Galaxie 500's** first two, some **Frank Sinatra** oldies and ***The Velvet Underground & Nico*** **banana album.** I will see **Ziggy Marley,** various bands I haven't heard of yet, and the **Lemonheads.** I am especially excited about the **Lollapalooza Tour,** a 7-band, 20-city extravaganza headlined by **Jane's Addiction** (above). There will be tents set up where artists sell their work, vendors sell food and clothing and pro-choice and environmental groups do their thing. I am going to the **International Pop Underground Convention** in Olympia, WA on August 21-25. (If anyone is driving out there, I'm looking for a ride.) I will run, not walk, to the theater to see ***Billy Bathgate*** (out June 28), a gangster movie starring **Loren Dean** of *Say Anything* fame; and ***Straight out of Brooklyn*** (also out June 28), written, produced and directed by an enterprising young black guy who based the movie on real people from his life. Also, PBS has this bitchin' series, **"Alive From Off Center."** The first one, on July 11, is a bunch of spoken-word performances called **"Words in Your Face,"** with **Henry Rollins, KRS-One** and **John Leguizamo.** In NYC, it's on right after my favorite show, **"Beverly Hills 90210,"** so you know where I'll be Thursday nights through mid-September. Hopefully I will have some time left over to work on my collection of **short stories, write songs** with my boyfriend, read back issues of ***The New Yorker,*** go out on my mother's **boat, swim** in an outdoor pool and play with my **cat.** Also, my landlord is giving us rights to the courtyard in back of our building, so we are going to buy lawn chairs and those outdoor lights that are shaped like farm animals and pretend it's a real **backyard.**

New

Over the summer I am going to make a concerted effort to become a much **better and nicer person.** I'd like to be more honest with/about myself and other people. This is not going to be easy, but I will give it my best shot. But I will not forgo my usual much more fun summer activities, like hangin' out in the glorious, **God-given sunshine** that this good earth has been blessed with, drowning in **SPF 800.** Maybe, to break up the monotony, I'll see a movie like ***Backdraft*** (above), with **Billy Baldwin** and **Kurt Russell.** I also want to nourish and enjoy **new friendships**—good friends are more important in life than almost anything. Don't you think? If this "becoming a better/nicer person" thing works out, then this summer could be a major turning point in this crazy art director's life. (Sorry if this sounds too serious or "centered." If you like, I'll also go **swimming** and eat 400 pounds of **low-fat chocolate yogurt.**)

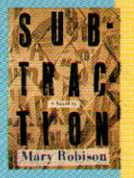
magic

Back when I had summers off (one day you will work full-time also and look back in a nostalgic, cranky fog on all your former vacation time), I used to discover a series of **mystery novels** I liked and try to read them all. I went through the works of **Rex Stout, Ellery Queen,** the brilliant **Robert B. Parker** and **Ian Fleming** (**James Bond**—when I was 12 and didn't get it yet that he was a sexist pig). Nowadays I have high hopes for two **female private eye series** by **Sara Paretsky** and **Sue Grafton** (the one or two I've read by each have been smart, hot and extremely sassy). In addition, I'll tackle the following mix of trash and classics that have been on my bookshelf for ages: **Toni Morrison's *Beloved;* *The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love,* by Oscar Hijuelos; T. Coraghessan Boyle's *East is East;* Susan Isaacs' *Magic Hour;*** and the **evil Kitty Kelley book** about aged Barbie **Nancy Reagan.** Reading is very economical. Movies are fairly cheap too, and there's air-conditioning in there. ***Soapdish*** (out in June), about the cast of a daytime soap, with **Sally Field, Kevin Kline, Whoopi Goldberg, Robert Downey Jr.,** (bottom, right), Harvardite **Elisabeth Shue** and **Carrie Fisher**, sounds very intruiging. And of course the cute-butted Kevin Costner will be sharing the screen with the eyebrow-arching **Christian Slater** in the much-discussed ***Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*** (out mid-June). I've heard there are no tights involved in this film. Other stuff: I do **colored nail polish** only in summertime, and I intend to be daring and try some **coral** hues. (Mary suggests Cover Girl Nailslicks in Tawny Peach.) Of course my tan-to-be toes will be painted red. And you know how the beauty people are always telling you to slick your hair back with conditioner when you're at the beach all day and the sun will **deep-condition** it? I'll do that. Oh, **museums** also have air conditioning in them, as well as cute intellectual boys with little round glasses. But I'm not going to have a summer fling. I'm against the idea right now.



Kim

All you urban chicks out there know how hard it is to stay cool when you're a hot child in the city with no natural bodies of water for miles. So pay attention to my tips:



I. Attend movies obsessively.

A. Violent, action-packed movies the likes of which are destroying the morals of the youth of this nation (e.g., ***Terminator 2: Judgement Day,*** out July 3)

B. Hip independent releases by young filmmakers (e.g., ***Slacker, Hangin' with the Homeboys***)

AVOID: Anything with Kathleen Turner

II. Consume **Frozfruits.**

III. Ignore the slew of Monsters of Rock arena tours where even the bad seats cost $30. Attend all **free outdoor concerts** instead. New York's Central Park has an amazing summer series of reggae, funk and world beat shows; maybe your city does too.

IV. Devote an afternoon to scouring used record stores looking for **Jose Feliciano's** 1968 cover of the Doors' **"Light My Fire."** Buy the new albums by **3rd Bass** (out June 18) and **Queen Latifah** (out early summer).

V. When you do get to the beach, read the sure-to-be-dishy ***You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again,*** a Hollywood tell-all by producer Julia Phillips. Also check out ***Subtraction*** by **Mary Robison, *Escapes*** by **Joy Williams** and ***Kiss Out*** by **Jill Eisenstadt.**

Mike

Through the graces of the major record companies' promotional departments, I've seen the summer of Pop Music 1991, and it **stinks on ice.** If upcoming releases are any indication, it looks like **pseudo-metal** and **mindless booty-shaking fluff** will continue to rule the airwaves and sales charts. Here are some of the pathetic new releases I will be doing my damnedest to avoid: From the "We play lots of guitars, wear leather and have long hair, so we *must* be rock and roll" department: White Lion's *Mane Attraction;* the first solo album from perennial sidekick Richie Sambora (nice hat, man); Skid Row's *Slave to the Grind,* out June 11; and Bonham. Julian Lennon will prove once again that, as far as talent goes, sometimes **the apple falls light years from the tree.** Paula Abdul just put out an album this past May of new songs to accompany her new videos in the hope that countless millions of **MTV-heads will bite the bait** again.

DJ Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince will unveil another collection of **suburbified hip hop** (I was really hoping "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air" would be a big hit so this guy would quit the music business, but oh well). Tours I will be avoiding like the plague are museum piece Steve Winwood (roving late April through July), **whiny mophead** Michael Bolton, and the **double gagger** Cinderella-Nelson (Nelson is above) extravaganza. The movie scene's looking a little bit better. I'm psyched for a mechanized, ultraviolent **Arnie Schwarzenegger** (left) in *Terminator 2: Judgement Day* and World Wrestling Federation Champion **Hulk Hogan** (right) as an intergalactic warrior in *Suburban Commando* (out late August). Jean Claude Van Damme will be starring in *Double Impact* (starts around August 9), in a dual role as brothers who take on Hong Kong's Chinese mafia, but this one's only going to be fun if it's produced over there and it's badly dubbed.

Christina says: "*Icarus* is serious literature for teenagers" (what now, may 91)

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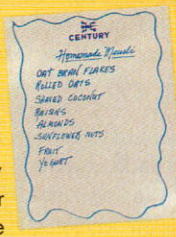
Janet

I want to be outside, outside, outside all the time. I'm going to Maine as much as possible to bodysurf and lie out on my new **Barbie beach towel** that Jacinta gave me for my birthday. I'm going to listen to my **Toni Childs** tape (out Aug. 20) on my Walkman, play **Frisbee** with my roommate Sonya and build huge drippy sandcastles. When I can't be in Maine, I'll be in the park riding my **mountain bike** around and around the six-mile loop, trying to keep up with the cute boys in the biking club. In July I want to go to **Jamaica,** but since my funds may not allow this, I'll probably be found at the annual **Reggae Festival** in Burlington, Vermont, jammin' and eating **Ben & Jerry's Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough Ice Cream** from the original Ben and Jerry's on Cherry Street. I also plan to try to finish ***Atlas Shrugged*** by **Ayn Rand** for the third summer in a row, rent ***Grease*** and fall in love.

nelson: michael lavine jesus jones: simon fowler

Andrea

I plan to hang around the beach (real and tar) and outdoor cafés as much as possible. I usually wait for movies to come out on video, but I'll make an exception and take my five-year-old friend Sammy to ***101 Dalmatians*** (below, out July 12). I'll probably also see ***Midnight Rider,*** the Heather Graham movie with **Jamie Walters,** because I used a photo of him in my "Worn Out" column before he was famous. I think I'll avoid Spike Lee's ***Jungle Fever*** (out June 7), even though I liked his other movies, because of his blatant anti-Semitism. I'm going to eat lighter, healthier breakfasts in summer, like this **homemade muesli** recipe from the Century Hotel in Miami Beach: Start with equal portions of oat bran flakes and oat flakes. Add a smidgen of shaved coconut, two tablespoons of raisins, sliced almonds and a sprinkle of sunflower seeds. Top with chopped fresh fruit and plain yogurt. I also suggest seeing **the Dead** outside because people sell cool stuff in parking lots. And here are my **summer ideas for long hair**: To get dread-like clumps, go in the ocean and don't comb your hair, or slather on some Phyto Plage and twist your hair into a bun for a few hours (less if you're in the sun). Then take down and rinse.



Janita

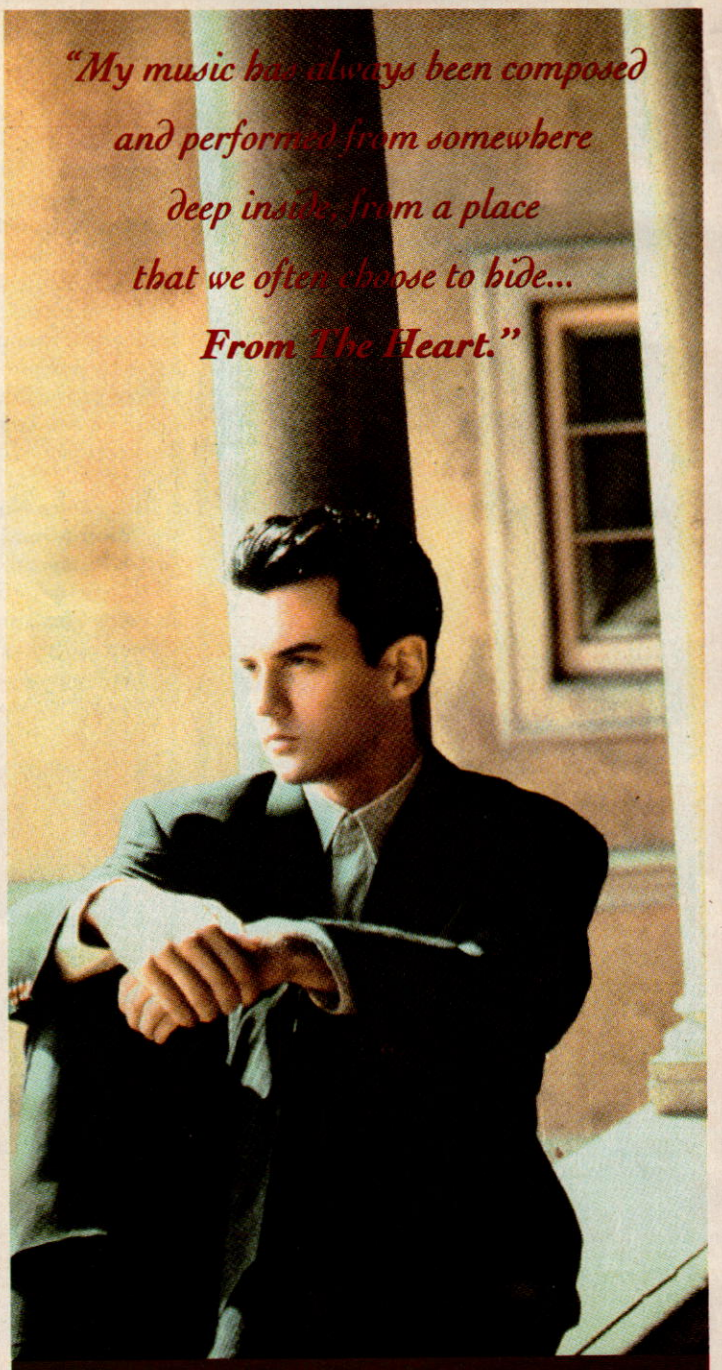
This summer is going to be excitement city for me. I'm going to **get healthy, tan** and **entertained.** I live conveniently across the street from a playground, so I've decided to buy a **basketball** and practice shooting hoops after work. Then in the morning before work I'm going to **speed walk** in my British Knights while listening to my **Hoodoo Gurus *Kinky*** tape. I'm also going to visit Mary and her beau Billy in the **Hamptons** and drink lots of **cappuccino** and visit Janet in **Ogunquit, Maine** on Labor Day and do lots of **swimming.** Last but the best is seeing **Neil Diamond** in concert (if he decides to tour—he's not sure). Yeh! Andrea and I will go crazy, for sure.

basketball guys: the bettmann archive

Most of my summer will be spent taking acting classes. When I'm not trying to be the next Meryl Streep (yeah, right), I'll be blasting the new album from **L.A. Guns** (out mid-June) called ***Hollywood Vampires.*** I'll also be checking out concerts like **Jesus Jones** (below) and **Mr. Big** (tour begins early June). In the **book** department, I'll be plowing through Bill Shakespeare's ***As You Like It,*** anything I can get my hands on by **Oscar Wilde** (he's the coolest) and **Charles Dickens.** And as far as TV goes, life would not be the same without watching **"The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd," "L.A. Law,"** MTV's **"Headbangers Ball"** and **"120 Minutes."** Other than that, I'll be doing the hang thang and window shopping in Greenwich Village.

Ann B.

I no sooner get back into the office after being out for two months on maternity leave when Christina is asking me what I plan to do this summer. My first response is, **"Change lots of diapers."** But actually it will be more fun than that, I hope. I'll be lacing up my new **Reeboks** and heading onto the **tennis** court or into the park to take **T.K.** (Theresa's nickname; the "K" stands for Keller) for a walk. Brian and I might get to see a movie or two if we can find a babysitter. Anybody interested?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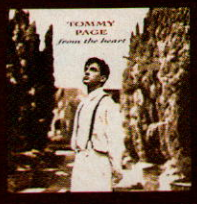

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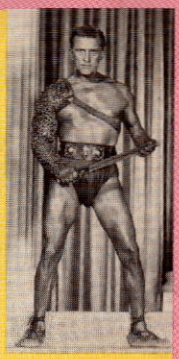
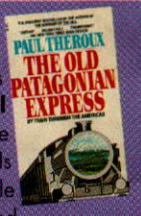
Mary Kaye



1. Catch re-release of the corny biblical epic ***Spartacus*** (right), out since May 10 (usually I prefer Charlton Heston in B.C. extravaganzas, but **Kirk Douglas** will do—in any event, it's a good opportunity to see guys in skirts).
2. Take **French** lessons.
3. Reread a couple of books I've been remembering fondly, like ***The Mandarins,*** by **Simone de Beauvoir**—her fictionalized account of her life with Sartre and Camus in Paris; ***The Mysterious Mr. Ripley,*** by **Patricia Highsmith,** a trilogy and perfect beach reading about an oddly likable (to me, anyway) serial killer; and *Portrait of a Marriage*, by Nigel Nicolson, about writer-Virginia Woolf pal Vita Sackville-West's cool unconventional marriage.
4. Eat a lot of **mangos.**
5. Read everything by black authoress-anthropologist **Zora Neale Hurston.**
6. Hope that the **Dharma Bums** play CBGBs again.
7. Get the new **Desmond Child** album. (He used to be in a groovy early '80s group called Desmond Child and Rouge. Now he writes hit songs for Bon Jovi, which I won't hold against him.)

8. Re-rent ***Entre Nous,*** the best-ever film about girl bonding, starring **Miou-Miou,** my personal goddess (after Ann-Margret); ***Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!,*** Russ Meyer's provocative portrait of Las Vegas go-go dancers on a murderous rampage; and Fellini's ***La Dolce Vita,*** then drive around in a strapless gown in a convertible like Anita Ekberg.
9. **Paint** and talk for hours with my new friend **Jon.**
10. Rent the gorgeous 1945 French version of ***Beauty and the Beast,*** by Jean Cocteau. Brill decorating tips therein.

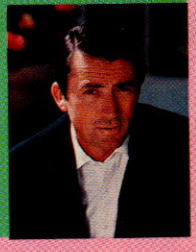
Amy



If the world were my oyster, I would sail from Hawaii to Tahiti through the South Pacific and up through Indonesia. Only problem would be that I would return three summers from now. So instead, I will read travel books by my favorite author, **Paul Theroux.** I recommend ***Riding the Iron Rooster,*** about a train ride through China, and ***The Old Patagonian Express,*** in which he travels from Boston down to the tip of Argentina, all by train. Yowza! I will rekindle my love for **Hitchcock** films, like ***Spellbound, Vertigo, Notorious*** and ***Rear Window.*** Also on my filmo listo are **Fellini's *8 1/2*** and anything with **Audrey Hepburn** (below). Some faves: ***Charade, Breakfast at Tiffany's*** and ***Roman Holiday.*** Even though hunk o' the universe **Alec Baldwin** is involved with bizarro costar Kim Basinger, I will see any film of his, including ***The Marrying Man.*** I don't know why, but I laughed out loud when I saw ***Naked Gun,*** and I plan to do the same for the sequel, ***The Naked Gun II 1/2: The Smell of Fear.*** My baking passion will continue, though it takes more of an effort to turn on the oven when it is 100 degrees outside. For easy, tasty and healthy recipes, turn the pages of Molly Katzen's ***Moosewood Cookbook.*** Music: I like the jazzy British sounds of **Joe Jackson** (tour starts early July), and I will see the **Divinyls** on their billion-city, all-summer tour.

Jessica

I am not an outdoorsy person. I live to spend hot summer days in my air-conditioned apartment creating stuff. I am currently obsessed with **rubber stamps**—fun for wannabe artists like me who can't draw. I use my Tyrannosaurus Rex and poodle stamps to make postcards, comic strips and personalized wrapping paper. It's also cool to cut simple shapes (llamas, cowboy boots, the Eiffel Tower) out of sliced-in-half-the-long-way raw potatoes and print them onto pillowcases, curtains, undies and whatnot with fabric paints. But my little crafts world is not complete unless I am simultaneously listening to an album or renting a movie. This summer I intend to spend some quality time with the new **Elvis Costello** album, ***Mighty Like a Rose,*** and all **the Pogues'** LPs. When I'm feeling retro I'll listen to **Lena Horne** and **Nat King Cole.** As for **vids,** I'll rent every **Gregory Peck** (right) film ever made (with special all-day showings of ***Roman Holiday***), every **Sidney Poitier** flick (***To Sir With Love*** rules) and everything Spike Lee has done. Spike's movie ***Jungle Fever,*** about an interracial couple, might even inspire me to venture outside.



bbq hands: the bettmann archive audrey hepburn: the bettman archive gregory peck: the bettmann archive

Jane

Keanu's in not one but *three* summer movies!!! In *Point Break*, out early July, **Keanu** plays an FBI guy opposite a tan, blond, feathered-back Patrick Swayze (yikes, but a sacrifice worth making if you ask me). In the long-awaited sequel, *Bill and Ted Go to Hell*, it's **Keanu** and Alex time again (out mid-late July). And in *My Own Private Idaho*, **He** costars with River. In short breaks between repeat viewings of **Keanu's** face onscreen, I will also go see INXS in July when their US tour stops in NYC, go with Christina to witness Ziggy for our fourth time together, and finally hear Fugazi, if they play within a 300-mile radius. I will spend as much time in cars as possible, driving to the beach or the mountains or around Manhattan—it really doesn't matter where. I will see (much preferably in theaters) any obscure documentaries that are around. And I'll re-watch a videotape of short films by one of my favorite three filmmakers on the earth, Jem Cohen. It's called *Just Hold Still*, and I already have my copy, but if anyone wants one you can get it from C-Hundred Film Corporation, PO Box 423, Athens, GA 30603. I'll read lots of magazines, including the *Utne Reader*, and true-crime books like *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote and *Serpentine* by Thomas Thompson, which Mary lent me three seasons ago. I will ride on a roller coaster if at all possible. And of course the R.E.M. collection—from *Chronic Town* (in used record bins or as part of the *Dead Letter Office* collection) through *Out of Time*—will be the soundtrack to my entire summer. (I am so predictable.)

Mary

Forget about New Year's resolutions—summer is the perfect time to **reinvent yourself.** And what could be more entertaining than that? Take the big beauty risk you've been agonizing over: **Cut your hair** at the beginning of the summer and you'll still have three months to grow it back (a bonus is that it grows faster in the summer). Try a **new hair color. Redraw your eyebrows.** Imagine the stir you'll cause when you show up for school this fall as a Linda Evangelista blond who spent the summer reading every single one of **F. Scott Fitzgerald's** books**.** Also use this summer to become a brainiac on the subject of your choice: Rent all of Martin Scorsese's movies; read **Patricia Highsmith,** learn to cook **Thai food.** But do all of the above wearing a high-SPF sunscreen, since it's just been reported that the ozone is being depleted twice as fast as anyone thought (hear that, Karen?).

Sassy Retail Report

THE SIXTIES ARE BACK—SASSIER THAN EVER!

Far out, man! The newest looks are a blast from the past! The 60s are definitely back, but with a cool twist! It's the summer of love—90s style! You'll find romance in the air—and on the racks for those hot summer nights. What ever mood you're in, these fashions are comfortable and bright and will last well into the fall. Read on to find out what's in and where to find it.

Maas Brothers / Jordan / Marsh

What's hot at **Maas Brothers/Jordan Marsh**? Lycra is everywhere—shaping dresses, leggings, and tops in all styles. New looks include trapeze tops, colorblock dresses and halter tops in bold patterns, solids, Op-Art graphics and sheer fabrics. To keep cool in hot weather, **Maas Brothers/Jordan Marsh** features shortalls, shifts, overalls, and rompers in denims, ginghams and florals.

FASHION BUG

Fashion Bug says there's nothin' like lycra for fall's new "layered" look. Start with body snugging tanks, skirts, leggings and stirrups in basic solids and progressive prints including houndstooth patterns that are bolder than ever. Then pile on oversized color blocked and striped deep V sweaters in up-to-the-minute mixes of black, white and the newest brights like fuchsia, jade, royal and magenta. Find it all at **Fashion Bug** this fall!

MERRY GO ROUND

Bright colors like orange, fuchsia and chartreuse are hot this summer—especially when you color block using black and white with brights. Create your own flash from the past look—1960s styles . . . halter tops, mocks, chain belts and geometric-shaped earrings are definitely in, along with shorts, leather-on-denim chaps, printed shirts and print, black & white or floral leggings. To finish it off, accessorize with fun zippers and printed trims.

Kmart SM

Gear up with romantic knit tops featuring touches of lace, crochet detailing and appliques that are key pieces in **Kmart**'s summer fashion collection. Add a pair of walk shorts in twill, denim and cotton sheetings for the perfect complement to this look.

Bright colors are a must for summer dressing. You'll keep cool in a bright knit or bold plaid dress. **Kmart** has an assortment of bright summer dresses in tank, drop waist and drawstring-waisted styles.

KINNEY® SHOES

Be sassy this summer in the hot new sixties looks from **Kinney** Shoes. Shiny little heels and shoes that feature Op-Art cut-outs, as well as delicate patent leather pumps and slings with pointed toes. For the ultimate "Hippie Chic" look, check out **Kinney**'s new Colorado sandals. With leather cross straps and natural tones, they're the perfect accessory for the girl that's urbane yet earthy.

According to the experts at **Kinney** Shoes, the hottest trends will be T-straps, sling backs and woven sandals worn with a variety of leggy looks—tie-dye slip dresses, skin tight leggings, denim cut-offs, biker shorts—that range from ladylike and elegant to casual and funky.

CHESS KING

The **Chess King** guy can wear anything this summer, as long as he wears it with Blue Zone denim . . . denim shortalls, denim jeans and denim shorts. Progressive boys will be wearin' relaxed fit jeans, but there's still tons of classic 5-pocket guys out there! He'll be relaxed in oversized, hot hued Freefall tees—sometimes he'll show off his muscles in cool cotton tanks. At the beach, he'll wear Skidz shorts and a B.U.M. Equipment tee.

On the dressier side, you'll find pleated rayon trousers from J. Todd and a Goouch printed rayon shirt. For day and night, **Chess King**'s clothing packs plenty of style and attitude.

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

Spring/summer 1991 takes a fresh, upbeat approach to this season's hottest trends in the boldest and brightest "united colors" and in **Benetton**'s characteristic youthful style.

Four key trends have emerged to define spring/summer 1991. Gingham, a patriotic homage to the USA; Trapeze shapes, which can be worn as flirty dresses with tights or as funky complements to bell bottoms for a neo-70's look; Lady-like dressing, fitted chemise dresses and a coordinating jacket—a la Jackie Kennedy; and of course, Hot pants, in bright cotton/spandex or dressy.

A SASSY SPECIAL PROMOTION

Going away for the weekend? Don't forget to pack the necessities.

School Of Fish
School Of Fish

Crowded House
Woodface

Maggie's Dream
Maggie's Dream

Tracie Spencer
Make The Difference

The Cavedogs
Joy Rides For Shut-Ins

The Summer Essentials on Capitol Cassette, Compact Disc and Record

Capitol

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it happened to me

When I was 17, I decided to leave Boston and spend my senior year with my aunt in Seattle. That's where I met this incredible guy named Daniel. After a while, I realized I really cared about him. He was so unlike any of the boys I had grown up around—younger than me (15) but very mature and artistic. The bad part about our relationship was that we were eventually having sex and we never thought about birth control. Now, I'm not a stupid person; it just never crossed my mind. I guess I thought I'd never get pregnant. And I didn't—at least not that year.

After I graduated in June, I moved back home and made plans for college. I had been accepted at a few schools in Massachusetts and planned to attend one in the fall. But I was really missing Daniel, and I decided he should come out for a visit. Needless to say, I was thrilled to see him, and we went about our regular way, not using any protection.

In September, Daniel went back west and I headed off to college. Then, a couple of weeks into my first semester, I started to feel funny. I wasn't sick or anything, but my chest ached and I was really tired a lot. When I went home in November for Thanksgiving, I sort of hinted to my sister that I thought I might be pregnant. She then hinted that to my mother, and my mother asked me if I wanted to go see the gynecologist. From the start, I decided that if I was pregnant I'd keep the child and take care of it. I am not against abortion, I was just against *my* having one. But truthfully, I didn't want to be faced with making that decision at all. So when my doctor confirmed it, I cried. I was upset, even though I was certain I could handle it.

"i got pregnant when i was 18 years old. now i'm working full-time and raising my child by myself. and i'm happy." by jenny, 20

I knew I was going to disappoint my family and I didn't want them to be ashamed of me. But they have always been my best friends, and they turned out to be great supporters. I left college after the first semester. By Christmas I was gaining weight like crazy. My whole family knew by then, and so did everyone in town. But Daniel didn't. I was scared of losing him, so I was afraid to tell him. It was also easy to let it go, since he was so far away. I finally told him when he started thinking that the reason I wouldn't come out to see him was because I was seeing another guy. He was shocked. He was afraid. He didn't tell his parents. He did stand by me though, through the telephone wires, anyway. So we kept talking as much as ever. He just never seemed interested in any baby-kicking moments.

I could see why he was terrified at the thought of being a father—I mean, he still had to ask his father for lunch money every day. I never expected anything from him, and I didn't want to ask him for help; I wanted him to genuinely offer it. He never did.

For months I prepared myself for the baby. I had a lease for a subsidized apartment that I was going to move into when the baby was two months old. I worked at my father's store each day, saving every penny I made. I'd spend only on things we would need. Mom and I went to a lot of yard sales and auctions for furniture, and I was always bargain hunting, buying baby clothes at clearance prices. Luckily, I received medical benefits at my job, so I wasn't worried about doctor bills. Everything seemed to be going pretty well all around.

Then came the big day. Giving birth was the most painful, awful, wonderful thing that ever happened to me. I asked my sister to be my coach because Daniel wasn't going to be able to make it for the birth. Picture someone with huge hands squeezing your insides as hard as they can, or your worst menstrual cramps amplified by thousands. At one point I just wanted to quit. Then, at 12:10 the next day, Brittany, my little girl, made her appearance. Watching her being born was so incredible, I can't even begin to describe it.

We moved into the apartment, and for a while things were pretty tough. I was receiving rent assistance from a program run by HUD (the Department of Housing and Urban Development) that people get accepted to if they fall into a certain income category. And I enrolled in WIC (the Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants and Children), which paid for baby formula and things like milk, cereal, eggs and cheese. That really helped me out, because I couldn't afford anything. I remember making a budget plan of strictly necessary things, and I still couldn't do it. One can of formula, which lasts a day, is almost $2. That was $60 a month, added to the $250 for babysitting, the cost of heating the apartment, car payments, gas and food for me. I never imagined what it was like supporting someone.

Today Brittany is a very happy, healthy little 17-month-old. She spends her days at the babysitter's with three other children about her age, while I work full-time to support us. I like my job a lot, and I seem to make enough money to keep us both happy. Unfortunately, things with Daniel didn't work out, and we decided to end our relationship. As far as I know, he is happy with his life in Seattle. I know we are happy with ours. I hope that one day he will want to be a part of our daughter's life, for both of their sakes. But if not, I am definitely prepared for life without him, and am currently dating a man that I really, really care about. Brittany is very well-adjusted and seems to take everything in stride, which makes being a single parent a lot easier for me.

I guess my story seems to glorify teenage motherhood. That's not my intention. There are so many things that are difficult for me, being a mom at 20. One of the toughest was the obvious disappointment of my parents. They never turned their backs on me and all is great now, but I know that they were very hurt. Not having two incomes is hard too. Also, I have had to put off college for a while, and getting back there seems so hard. And because of my job, I usually only have two or three hours a day with Brittany during the week. I don't like that; I feel that children should have their mothers to care for them until they go to school. But it isn't possible right now, so we deal with it.

I will never regret the decision I made to have Brittany and bring her up myself. I do regret that I wasn't married, so she could have a more traditional family life, and if I could do it all over again, I would use birth control. The challenge of taking care of her is something that I will have for the rest of our lives, because I will always be Brittany's mother. Not everyone can deal well with the responsibility of motherhood at my age. A lot of people say that I am ahead of my time. I say that I just care enough to own up to the life I have chosen for myself and my daughter.

As long as you're lying there in the sun doing nothing, send us an interesting story from your past and maybe earn $300. Address it to Mike, It Happened to Me, Sassy, 230 Park Ave., New York, NY 10169.

stuff you wrote

The trouble with reading labels is you realize you're painting your nails and eating ice cream made with the same Yellow 5 coloring.

Loren Roth
Great Falls, VA

Dreams are just the thoughts in your head you didn't have time to think during the day.

Christy Vernon
Independence, MO

Why is English
the only language
that capitalizes the
word that means "I"?

Sarah
Chambéry, France

WHALE SONG

The shade of many blues is my home
I come from long ago
The mountains of many colors captivate me
And support my sky.
I am harmonious with the world.
I live, eat and live again.

The backs are split
The skin is pulled from our souls
The blood of our bodies pours over your ships.
I breathe your polluted air.
I live in your contaminated seas.
I have been here forever
While you have been here for a short time.
I am tranquil and humane.
I am the dream of many.
I am the dream of your proposal.
I am the dream of peace.
You waste that idea by killing me.

Alisa Wilson
Hillsborough, NC

GRAVITY

THERE WAS AN INVITATION ON THE KITCHEN TABLE THIS MORNING
FROM VENUS
WITH A NUMBER ATTACHED "FOR REGRETS ONLY"
SO NATURALLY I CALLED—
COLLECT

I TOLD THEM I WAS HAPPY HERE
I EXPLAINED THAT I LOVED YOU
THAT I NEEDED YOU AND FELT SECURE

THE STARS HAVE BEEN CALLING TOO
THEY OFFERED ME A SCHOLARSHIP
I CAN'T SAY I WASN'T TEMPTED....

EVEN THE SUN HAS MY ADDRESS
FROM SOME MAILING LIST, I GUESS
HER SEDUCTION HASN'T WORKED SO FAR, I PROMISE
BUT SHE'S BEGUN TO TALK BLACKMAIL
SHE SAYS SHE HAS SOME PICTURES

THANKS BUT NO THANKS
I'LL STICK WITH WHAT I KNOW
I'VE BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE CLIMATE HERE
I TOLD THEM I COULD NOT LEAVE—
NO!
I WOULD NOT LEAVE

I WAS FIRM BUT NEVER IMPOLITE
I THOUGHT I HANDLED IT PRETTY WELL, ACTUALLY
DON'T YOU?

JULIE DONNELLY
ROSLINDALE, MA

the only thing about always being first is you don't notice those behind you.

michelle niehaus
greenhills, oh

Mine own thoughts are plotting.
Plotting against me...
Thoughts of death descend
Drowsily as I sleep.
Sleep, once dreamless
Now dreams are all you are.
My heavy eyelids whisper
Of murder with fairy dust.

Shanda Frehner
Arden, NV

(Shanda was killed in a car wreck on March 22. This poem was found among her belongings in an envelope addressed to "Stuff You Wrote." Her uncle asked us to publish it in her memory.—Margie)

HOW DO THE PEOPLE ON "GILLIGAN'S ISLAND" MAKE THINGS LIKE MEDICINE, CARS, WATER HEATERS, BUT THEY STILL CAN'T MAKE A STUPID BOAT TO FLOAT AWAY WITH? AND HOW COME MRS. HOWELL HAS MORE CLOTHES THAN ME, WHEN THEY WERE GOING ON A THREE-HOUR TOUR?

COLLEEN AND EDEN
LAGUNA BEACH, CA
(HOME OF THE SAWDUST FESTIVAL)

I find it ironic that the star of the most violent film I've ever seen (*Total Recall*) is the son-in-law of the first director of the Peace Corps!

Natalia Beckwith
Warren, ME

does he like you? maybe?
does he
write you letters?
or
give you candy?
or
flirt with you?
yes? then he likes you.
what?
what does it mean when
he wants to wear
your swatch?
i'm not sure either.

rachel globensky
thunder bay, ontario,
canada

YOU TALENTED THINGS, YOU. SEND GEMS TO MARGIE, STUFF YOU WROTE, SASSY, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10169, AND ASSURE ME THEY'RE REALLY YOUR WORDS. THANK YOU.

why you liked yourself better...

◀ **PAGE 57** classes at her school, which had 10-14 girls in each class. She got basically the same results: Far fewer of the 9th grade girls (only 40 percent) than the 7th grade girls (70 percent) were interested in science. "It completely took me by surprise because myself, I'm really into science," said Alyshea, who plans to be either a psychologist or a lawyer.

"When I was doing this," she said, "I was talking to some of my friends, and they asked to see the questionnaires and stuff, and they were laughing at some of the true-false questions. One of them was, 'I wish I was someone else.' They sort of laughed it off, and they were like, 'How could anyone think that?' And then I got surveys from people who said yes, they wished they were someone else." Alyshea paused. "What sort of scares me is that sometimes I'm on the phone with friends and I hear it happening. It's not the sort of thing that comes out right in front of your face and you say, 'Oh, I see this.' It's the sort of thing that sneaks up on you more and more, and you don't realize it. So it's sort of scary that it could actually be happening to you and you don't know it. I watch kids at school and I see—I mean, I don't sit and take notes—but I look around and it seems more obvious than it did before. But I think that I realize it more, so I can control it better than other people. I'm real conscious of my actions.

"I also, like, found interesting that, reading over the surveys that were handed to me, the girls who lived only with their mothers tended not to be moved by the social influence that much," added Alyshea, who has lived mostly with her mother, an industrial psychologist and painter, since her parents separated. "A lot of girls who live only with their mothers have to take on more responsibility, and the more they take on, the more they feel they've got a sense of themselves."

Like the American Association of University Women, Alyshea found that black girls had more self-confidence as teenagers than white girls. One theory explaining this is that black mothers are more likely to have full-time jobs *and* run households, so black girls have strong women as role models. Another theory is that black parents teach their daughters that there is nothing wrong with them, but with the way society treats them.

Alyshea is interested in continuing her research along those lines next year. "I may say, 'How do you think you can stop what's going on?' 'Is it exactly true that if you live only with your mom that you'll be more likely to make your own decisions and not be influenced by this?' I want more details about the black families. I also want to interview more people, survey more people." Beyond the fact that she was smart and ambitious enough to challenge the findings of ▶ **PAGE 78**

Next month SASSY is hotter'n Georgia asphalt and twice as well-traveled. **We'll go to Utah to show you what home is like for a man with 9 wives and 20 children.** We'll take you to LA for our very own interview with Keanu Reeves and Alex Winter, which will provide hours of fun and enjoyment for you and those you love a lot. **Karen gripes for a while about the biggest problems facing this country to get you thinking about solutions.** You'll try out for "American Gladiators" with our very own gym-spooked writer, Kim. **You'll find out lab-tested methods for surviving a long-distance romance.** Plus we'll show you the greatest jackets, the blackest fashions and the prettiest eyes ever to grace our noble pages in a veritable fest of back-to-school beauty and fashion. So jam on our groove for a while. **August SASSY hits you in the brain starting July 16 at your friendly neighborhood newsstand.**

A SPECIAL SASSY PROMOTION

PLAYTEX TAMPONS PRESENTS

The Most Embarrassing Moments in Your Menstrual History Contest Winners!!!

. . . And we thought we'd had embarrassing menstrual moments! Well, the folks at PLAYTEX Tampons knew that if anyone could make us blush, it would be you guys. And boy, did you! We had letters from all over. A number of you told us how you've dropped pads and tampons right in front of the very cutest guys. And of course we've all had the nasty stain on the back of our brand new white pants. Anyway, we thought we'd share some of the funnier, more embarrassing stories.

Our grand prize winner — Amy Nasciszewski of Rockford, Illinois — told us that her dog walked into the middle of a dinner party with a used pad in its mouth! A guest exclaimed, "Something's wrong with Flicka, she's bleeding from the mouth!" In Amy's own words,

"At that moment, I would have preferred death."

The moral of the story is: Make sure you either close the lid on the garbage or use a tampon the next time you go to a dinner party. Amy will do that from now on. We think the embarrassment was worth the $1,000 prize. The four runners-up each get $125 for their mortifying menstrual tales. Read on.

Christi Barker from Hillsboro, Texas, left the bathroom after changing her pad and walked all the way through the cafeteria before she was told that the back of her dress was tucked into the top of her leggings! Christi's reaction:

"My face has never been as red as it was that day!"

Erika Goodman of Arlington, Virginia, got her period in the middle of a meeting with a tough (male) teacher. She had to tell him *and* borrow his coat to cover her stain on the way home! How noticeable was it?

"This was no little stain. This was Lake Erie."

Another runner up (who wishes to remain nameless for fear of further embarrassment), had to run through her dance studio *and* the adjoining hair salon in order to clean and dry her stained white leotard. The water turned it transparent! And did anyone find out about her little mishap? According to the victim,

"Only my mom and my hairdresser know what really happened!"

And one very embarrassed reader, who also chooses anonymity, was riding home one evening on a full city bus when she pulled out what she thought was her sinus inhaler from her purse. Without looking, she stuck a Playtex non-deodorant tampon up her nose! How did she feel at that moment?

"Boy, was I ever embarrassed. I was glad I was almost home!"

Hey guys, contest winners were selected by Playtex and not the editors of SASSY.

SPONSORED BY PLAYTEX TAMPONS *Because you don't need to be embarrassed once a month*

ATTENTION: Tampons are associated with Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS). TSS is a rare but serious disease that may cause death. The reported risks are higher to women under 30 years of age and teenage girls. Read and save the information inside every package.

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why you liked yourself better...

◀ **PAGE 77** a respected group of professors, Alyshea seems real intent on not losing her sense of self, which will probably help her a lot.

But Dr. Gilligan thinks it's even more important to change the way girls are treated in school. The American Association of University Women maintains that the low self-esteem of high school girls is due, in part, to their teachers. Dr. Gilligan's interviews show that girls believe that their teachers (and many mothers) prefer "perfect girls" to the real, flawed beings that we all are, and that reinforces girls' impulses to hide their true feelings. Often the girls who are doing the best academically and socially are really suffering the greatest loss of self-esteem. A recent study of male and female high school valedictorians found that during and after college, women are much less likely to think highly of their achievements than men are. And two thirds of the women in the study had lower career aspirations by their sophomore years of college. The Harvard people recommend that teachers, especially female teachers, make connections with girls before they become obsessed with being "perfect"—that means in the 5th grade. Teachers should encourage girls to disagree with things they think are wrong, to trust their own feelings and to speak out in class about them. This sounds simple and obvious, but it's not. Many teachers prefer quiet, nonaggressive students.

Describing her interviews with teenage girls, Carol Gilligan said she was often able to break down the barriers of conformity and get girls to speak about what they really were experiencing. "I felt at times that I was entering an underground world," she writes, "I felt myself entering, to some extent, the underground city of female adolescence, the place where powerful learning experiences were happening. The gateway to this underworld was marked by the statement, 'I don't know'—the sign of repression; and the code word of membership, or password, was the phrase, 'you know.'" To help teenage girls hang on to their self-esteem, teachers and parents are going to have to learn to listen to girls the way Dr. Gilligan does, and girls are going to have to learn to listen to each other, and to themselves.

About now, you probably would like advice on how to recover your self-esteem. I wish I knew. I can tell you I feel lots better about myself now than I did at 16. I'm not anorexic anymore, I'm not as shy, and I'm proud of some of the articles I write. I think it's partially because I work with mostly girls and I don't have to worry so much about being judged by guys around here. On the other hand, I could still improve a lot more. As soon as I figure out how to like myself the way I did when I was little, I'll let you know. S

would you like some fries...

◀ **PAGE 55** McDonald for their San Bernardino burger joint that he eventually bought franchises from them and started a chain of hamburger restaurants, using their name. Later, he purchased the rights to that name, continued expanding, and the rest is history. And as the embodiment of dedication, perseverance and of course capitalism, old Ray is truly idolized here. In addition to the Ray Kroc Museum, His image is everywhere. There are even two sculptures of the Multimixer, the five-headed shake machines He once peddled, in the clean-enough-to-eat-off hallways of HU.

All this high-minded hokeyness aside, I must say I admire the effort McDonald's makes to help its employees build what's usually thought of as a good-for-spare-change-but-ultimately-dead-end job into a legitimate career. It's a little mind-boggling to realize that a person could conceivably start working in a McD's in high school and end up managing a $1.6 million business by their early twenties. What's more, though employees who make it to HU have spent two to four years in training at the in-store or regional level, no formal education is required to attend—or teach—classes there. Professor Faith Krebs told me, "One of the great things about McDonald's is that they look at the individual and their capability for learning, and for growing in the job, versus saying that you have to have this degree in order to have this particular job." Righteous. The student body seemed to be a mirror image of the overall McDonald's personnel makeup: Half of McD's restaurant managers are women and, according to the press information I'm given, McD's trains more minorities than any other employer.

Also cool is the fact that nearly 60 percent of top management positions in McDonald's Corporation are held by people who started as crew members in restaurants. Pam Dentino, a trainee from River Forest, Illinois, whose bubbly gushings were leaving her gasping for breath, testified, "I love the customers, I love dealing with my crew people—it is just home to me. It always has been, and it will be for a while. I've nowhere near outgrown it. My parents were kinda like, 'You're gonna outgrow this.' And I was like, 'God, you have no idea what this is—it's everything to me.'" Albert Dantzler, a trainee from Cleveland who began his McD's career at age 16, told me with button-popping pride, "I didn't want to go to a factory and work nine to five and punch a clock and sit and do the same thing. Every day with McDonald's is a different experience." Linda, a student from Singapore (where there are 34 McD's outlets, by the way), says, "People who are skeptical [about fast food as a career] are shortsighted. I don't think I'm going to stop at store manager. It is not a dead end. This company doesn't offer you something fixed; it keeps on growing." In fact, Hamburger University's official color is green because, I'm told, "When you're green you're growing, and when you're ripe you rot" (I'm not gonna speculate what that means for McDonald's Corporation's official logo color, red).

My last day at HU was graduation day, which began with the final exam in the morning. Following that was a 90-minute video presentation on the history of McDonald's, including a look back at their most memorable and moving TV commercials, which was a very big hit with the assembled student body. Personally, I left feeling this vague kind of sentimentality welling up inside me, and decided I was either getting in too deep with this assignment or I'd been hypnotized. Then, back in homeroom, with "Pomp and Circumstance" emanating from the auditorium speakers, students' names were called, and they made their way to the head of the class, where they were heartily congratulated by two faculty members. Some of the graduates embraced the professors, some brushed away tears. Finally, to the strains of Alice Cooper's "School's Out," everyone returned to their rooms to primp for the evening's gala banquet and awards ceremony.

These festivities took HU's feel-good, pep rally concept over the top. First, the dean's list was announced, and it amounted to about 50 people. Then came the winning Hot Hamburgers team, the 3 winning Lab Challenge teams, the 21 winners of the Seminar Award, the Archie Award recipient (i.e., the class valedictorian) and the 3 Gold Hat winners (awarded to the student in each homeroom who best exemplifies the McDonald's spirit). Just as it was occurring to me that there were more winners than non-winners, one of the professors began the closing speech by saying, "I'd like to remind the teams that didn't win that you're also winners" and that "there's never gonna be another Class 453." Duh.

Then I remembered the conversation I'd had with Professor Jim Janca, who informed me that the HU final exam doesn't determine whether someone "passes" or not: "We recognize that some people don't do well on tests, and test scores don't sell hamburgers. We place more emphasis on the total experience." In fact, despite all the nail-biting I saw during finals week and the subsequent hoopla and relieved satisfaction at graduation, it would seem no one has ever failed the HU "experience" or walked away without a BH. Oh. Okay.

When I got up the next morning, most of the students were already en route to their home bases, and I sat in the Lodge's deserted lobby, thinking of the success story that is McDonald's and the beaming grads returning home to destinations all over the globe with their Bachelors of Hamburgerology. And I realized how desperate I was to get back to the "real" world, where the streets are filthy, people loathe their jobs and nobody claps when somebody gets something right. S

How you can...
GET THE SHAPE GUYS LOVE...IN 14 DAYS!

NEW

(No matter what you look like right now)

A BODY THAT GETS YOU NOTICED!

You've seen the way some girls get noticed... how they can just stroll down the street minding their own business as guys practically walk into walls staring at them.

Well, now you can have the kind of body that makes you stand out from the crowd and gets you noticed! In fact, no matter what you look like right now—the sensational, new ***META-CAL SYSTEM***™ can quickly and easily show you how to change all the things you don't like about your body, but keep all the parts of you that you do like! But that's just the beginning!

META-CAL CHANGES A SHAPELESS BORING BODY TO A SHAPELY AND SEXY ONE!

Every girl's body is different. Your problem spots may not be the same as another girl's. So ***META-CAL*** lets you focus on only those parts that need improvement. Whether it's just one or two spots or your entire body.

So, if you're overweight (Type 1), you can zero-in on your thighs, calves, hips, waist, arms, back, shoulders, neck or any other part of your body that needs to be tightened, trimmed and reshaped.

Or, if you happen to be too skinny (Type 2), and your figure is in desperate need of some eye-catching feminine curves...***META-CAL*** will turn your boring, shapeless body into a shapely and sexy one...adding gentle curves and sleek new shape in all the right places!

HOW META-CAL CHANGES YOUR BODY...

META-CAL does what no diet or aerobic program alone could ever do! In fact, there isn't a diet in the world that can change the way your body looks like ***META-CAL*** can!

That's because ***META-CAL*** lets you shape each part of your body separately...individually! Giving you improved shape and appearance exactly where you need it!

That means you can pick the part of you that you hate most and start improving it immediately!

Even the most embarrassing areas of your body can now look beautiful. Stubborn spots that make you feel self-conscious quickly begin to disappear.

Yet with ***META-CAL***, there are NO dangerous pills to take, NO chemical powders to mix, NO silly heat suits or belts, NO unhealthy crash diets, NO long, exhausting exercise!

OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Use the ***META-CAL SYSTEM*** for 14 days to get the body you want. Then, if you are not absolutely thrilled with the new you — simply return it within 30 days for a full refund. No matter what you've tried before — ***META-CAL*** must work for you or you get your money back. No questions asked.

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META-CAL must do everything, exactly as we have promised or you don't pay a penny.

And to prove it to you, we'll let you try ***META-CAL*** in your own home with our FREE 14 DAY TRIAL.

Yes! When your package arrives, we want you to use it...go ahead, let ***META-CAL*** reshape, tone and beautify your body. Use it as much as you like to help solve your figure problems!

Then—if you are not completely delighted with your new shape and appearance...if you don't look and feel absolutely sensational—then simply return everything we sent you for a complete and speedy refund. No hassles. No questions. No delays. Just your money back.

So it's up to you. One month from today you could look no different than you do right now—Or you could look in the mirror and see a whole, new beautiful you! You decide.

Fill in the coupon below and send it in today! See how great it feels to have a body guys love ...instead of just being passed right by.

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YES! I want to have a body guys love! I'm tired of not getting noticed. RUSH me ***META-CAL***™ immediately! I understand that if I am not completely satisfied with my results, I get a full and prompt refund of my purchase price. (NOTE: For privacy, ***META-CAL*** will be sent to you in a sealed, unmarked package.) I am enclosing $10.00 plus $2.00 postage and handling. Speedy delivery guaranteed! CT residents please add 60¢ sales tax.

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***META-CAL* PERSONAL BODY TYPE AND PROBLEM SPOT FORM**
DIRECTIONS: Please put an X in the boxes that apply to your personal problem areas. Check off as many boxes as you like. (Feel free to add any special notes on another sheet of paper)

This is my general body type:

☐ **TYPE 1**—I am overweight. I need to reshape my problem spots for a sleeker, more graceful and toned body.
☐ **TYPE 2**—I am too skinny. I need more shape and curves in all the right places for a more eye-catching figure.

These are the parts of my body that need improvement

☐ FACE	☐ WRISTS	☐ OUTER THIGHS	☐ UPPER BACK
☐ CHIN	☐ HANDS	☐ KNEES	☐ LOWER BACK
☐ NECK	☐ STOMACH	☐ CALVES	☐ BUTTOCKS
☐ SHOULDERS	☐ HIPS	☐ ANKLES	☐ BUST
☐ UPPER ARMS	☐ INNER THIGHS	☐ FEET	☐ OTHER

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signs

cancer (june 21 to july 22)

IMAGE: Sensitive, shy in a sexy way, good listener WHO YOU'LL BE: Nanny, restaurateur, personnel director OBSESSIONS: Comforting people, staying home, body contact REPULSIONS: Tacky comedy, nonstop travel, bad food WHY YOU'RE NOT PERFECT: You can be smothering! WHO YOU LIKE: Scorpio, Pisces WHO YOU LOVE: Libra, Taurus WHO TO AVOID: Sagittarius, Aries FAMOUS CANCERS: Meryl Streep, Kevin Bacon, Princess Di, Robin Williams, Rembrandt, Anne Brady, Mike Flaherty

THIS MONTH: Get ready for intense person-to-person contact. Not just amore, either: soul-searching, heartfelt talks and heavy-duty listening—especially around the new moon on the 11th. Pitch in more at home or work the week of the 15th. The 21st is a fine day for romance with a fall-birthday'd guy; just don't say too much to him too soon, 'cause he digs mysteries. And megabucks fill your pockets after the 23rd. Days to live for: 5th, 24th. Stay in bed: 29th.

leo (july 23 to aug. 22)

Lions dig the spotlight, but prepare to be a wallflower this month. You may have psychic thoughts and technicolor dreams around the 7th, so get your Crayolas out and express yourself. Modesty is called for near the 13th; don't be bragging then. A party on the 26th might find you an outdoorsy guy who seems flawless; if so, listen to your heart, not your friends. **Day to live for: 21st. Stay in bed: 18th.**

virgo (aug. 23 to sept. 22)

You need lots o' stimulation now, so do it: movies, beach, travel.... Expect (and get) tons of attention from the male species, especially Leos and Cancers, before the 26th. Don't profess your undying love on the 13th (especially in writing) or it will be misinterpreted later. The 14th through 17th is a lucky period to do stuff that requires good timing—like flea-market digging and asking Ps for money. Look inward the week of the 29th. **Day to live for: 3rd. Stay in bed: 28th.**

libra (sept. 23 to oct. 22)

You may feel emotionally unsettled this month, especially around the 8th. Hang at the beach or see some movies and your brain will be healed. Spend more time with your family on the 14th. Before making a major financial or emotional commitment after the 15th, ponder. Hormone fix on the 24th or 25th—just be sure he understands what you want. And pale green's a magical color for you now. **Day to live for: 5th. Stay in bed: 20th.**

scorpio (oct. 23 to nov. 21)

Resist the urge to be Sherlock, at least 'til the 28th; you're just gonna dig up hurtful and probably untrue dirt, especially if it has to do with him. Your social self needs attention on the 19th, so get out there. Be sure to look fetching on the 27th—there's a possible party and definite boy vibes. The 30th is a great indulgence day, so plan to do something semi-irresponsible and fun. **Day to live for: 28th. Stay in bed: 13th.**

sagittarius (nov. 22 to dec. 21)

You archers may be in for some travel; go before the 20th for best results. If you can't get out of town, try some exotic foreign food. Reading is important now, so visit libraryland after the 20th. When the moon visits your sign on the 22nd, guy things occur. Surprise!—choose brawn over brains this time. You won't learn any new theorems, but hey. Bug someone (to return a loan, to drive you somewhere, etc.) around the 16th. **Day to live for: 5th. Stay in bed: 27th.**

capricorn (dec. 22 to jan. 19)

Money flows straight into your pocket this month. Spend some on clothes, save some for later. In the hombre department, someone intuitive, tender and hot-looking (a Leo?) appears around the 12th. Avoid machinery the week of the 29th (ancient cars especially); play it safe and walk or bike it. **Day to live for: 18th. Stay in bed: 6th.**

aquarius (jan. 20 to feb. 18)

By the end of this hectic month, all you'll want to do is gel. The 8th is great for H_2O-related activities—get your water-sign friends (Pisces, Cancers, Scorpios) to join you. The 20th may find you in love/lust with a dark guy you know nothing about. Be practical on the 22nd—don't waste bucks or time. And lucky you, the lunar eclipse on the 26th takes place in your sign, so live it up. **Day to live for: 11th. Stay in bed: 4th.**

pisces (feb. 19 to march 20)

Your mission: Find the genuine love of your life—someone whose goals and needs match yours—this month. You have a good chance on the 13th or 27th with either a Sag or a Virgo. More mundane news: Spend time with pets or kids the week of the 8th for fun and profit. After the 25th keep a bag packed; travel's a possibility. Good deeds you did eons ago finally get recognized near the 29th, and you're a tad psychic on the 31st. **Day to live for: 15th. Stay in bed: 17th.**

aries (march 21 to april 19)

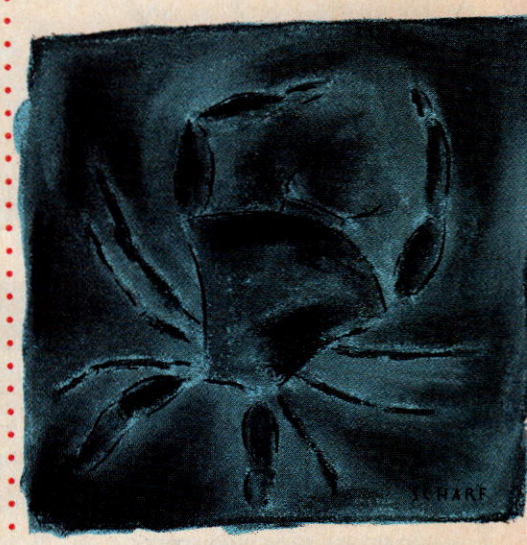
Home and family are of primo importance now. Invite buds over on the 12th to hang and act all immature. Romance alert at work around the 14th, maybe with a Leo or Virgo. In the beauty department, be wary of anything mega-artificial around the 21st. Be all-natural; avoid fake nails, fake lashes and fake-bakes like the plague. Scout out some new tunes on the 31st for a quick boost. **Day to live for: 5th. Stay in bed: 29th.**

taurus (april 20 to may 20)

You need patience this month; conflict's in the stars. Be on guard around the 8th for a b-friend-stealing Fifi. And the 11th could make you weepy. But then things pick up. The 3rd is great for philosophizing and gossiping, and by the 25th you exude love pheromones—you could attract a future Perry Farrell on the 29th. Act accordingly. **Day to live for: 24th. Stay in bed: 21st.**

gemini (may 21 to june 20)

This should be a lucrative month; be on the lookout for a promotion or a new job. The 3rd is a great day for just hanging out with friends and acting



foolish. On the 20th steer clear of a sneaky Scorpio who's trying to pick your brain. Use your innate Gemini talents to alter old duds from the back of your closet the week of the 22nd. And the 28th and 29th are good days to patch up an eroding relationship. **Day to live for: 23rd. Stay in bed: 6th.**

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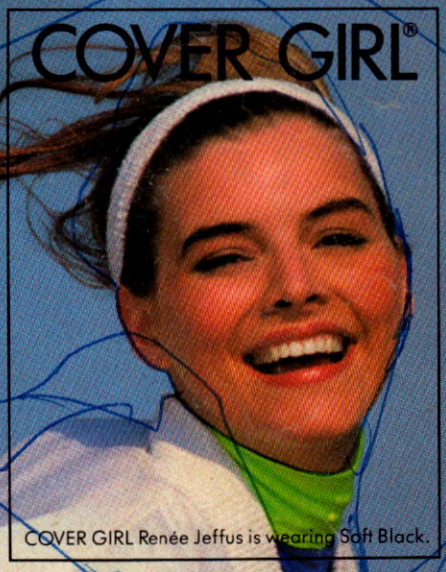

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